

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 25, 1997 \$5 CENTS

KING OF THE WILD ROAD

CURTIS TURNER





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Carbohydrate	62.6%	34.4 gm.
Fat	3.3%	9.3 gm.
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Niacin	26% MDR	27% MDR
Vitamin B ₆	20% MDR	20% MDR
Vitamin B ₁₂	13% MDR	28% MDR
Vitamin C	111 (357 mg.)	111
Vitamin E	111 (17 mg.)	111
Vitamin K	33% MDR	300% MDR
Vitamin D	8% MDR	25% MDR
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Copper	111 (56 mg.)	111
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MDR is the Recommended Daily Adult Dietary Allowance of Protein (55 grams) as reported by the National Research Council. *Mixes for 8 fl. oz. of liquid. Carnation Brand & Choice. U.S. Patent.

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No other map company can make that claim.



Hertz
We can help a little.

Contents

FEBRUARY 26, 1968 Volume 28, No. 8

Cover photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

The Winter Olympics

- 12 **Oldtimers excel in the closing week at Grenoble**
- 17 **Jean-Claude Killy gets his skiing triple after a row**
- 20 **Kentucky in a Wildcat League**
Kentucky leads the SEC, which is bigger news than it sounds. The conference may be the nation's best
- 22 **From Pop Art to Bounce Back**
The guys are all Hollywood but the performance is pure Dodger. Los Angeles and O'Malley learn as they earn
- 24 **Boycott Now—Boycott Later?**
The protest against the New York AC track meet was quite effective. Now, what about the Olympics?
- 28 **'If You Love Me, Tell Me So'**
Missississauga adore their new pro hockey team, but Coach Wren Blair wishes they would say it louder
- 37 **New Zealand's Equine Gold Mine**
A lush land in the South Pacific breeds fast pacers and makes a fine profit by selling them to the U.S.
- 48 **Curtis Lives!**
And that is no small boast for a danger-loving rock-car driver whose nonstop parties are legendary

The departments

- 9 Scorecard
- 42 People
- 44 Swimming
- 46 Golf
- 63 For the Record
- 64 Basketball's Week
- 66 19th Hole



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Credits on page 63

Next week

GUNNING FOR THE TOP. LSU's Pistol Pete Maravich continues to score as no college basketball player before. Carry Kirkpatrick describes the wonderful ways of a coach's son.

BIG BUSTER gets ready for Jolting Joe. Mark Krum previews the fight between Mathis and Flazney, who, excluding Muhammad Ali, may be the two best heavyweights in the world.

EVER SINI POPCORN? Some of the world's best skiers—as well as intermediates and novices—find spring's soon snow a delight. Color photographs and a report by Fred Smith.



Naked Power

Size for size, this new, more powerful Sears DieHard gives you 35% more usable starting power than the best battery anyone else makes.

This is not the DieHard you have been reading about (The most powerful car battery of its size in America.)

This one is even more powerful and you can see through it. With a battery this good we have nothing to hide.

The DieHard began with a thin-walled case. For more room inside. We started out by putting in higher plates, and more acid.

Now we've found we can make the plates wider as well as higher. At first glance a few square inches may not look like much. But this is a 78 plate battery. So when you

add it all up you get an extra 680 square inches of plate area in contact with the battery acid.

And that produces a lot of extra power.

This is no ordinary advertising claim. We aren't giving you an inch and calling it a mile.

We are giving you 35% more usable starting power than the best battery of its size made by anyone else

in the business.

Try that out on a balky engine some freezing morning and see what we mean.

If you want to thank something, thank polypropylene. This weird sounding plastic is one of the leading miracle materials in an age of miracle materials. Even with 50% thinner walls, it is far stronger than the old black battery case ever was.

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So we did something else to the new DieHard. To make sure you know you're getting the strongest battery case there is—the polypropylene case—we left it the natural color of polypropylene.

A handsome off-white. A sort of milky color you can see through. If you look close you can see the plates. And the acid



Thinner but stronger.

You can also see when your battery needs water. And if this helps you take better care of your DieHard, that's fine with us.

Because we guarantee the DieHard for five long, happy years. And when Sears guarantees, Sears guarantees.

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The Sears 5-year guarantee.
*Free replacement within 90 days of purchase if battery proves defective. After 90 days we replace the battery, if defective, and charge you only for the period of ownership, based on the regular price less trade-in at the time of return, prorated over number of months of guarantee.

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Sold only at Sears. \$28.95 with trade-in.



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The DieHard is now in available in Group 24 only. This size fits most Chevrolets, Chryslers, Dodges, Plymouths, Subcompacts, many Oldsmobiles and Pontiacs, all Ramblers and Willys. Soon it will be available in all popular sizes. Sears carries a complete line of other fine batteries as well, in a wide range of places.

5

This is our answer to the scratchy phonograph record.

We always figured there was a way to improve the phonograph record.

And when somebody invented the 8-track stereo tape cartridge, we jumped on it and built the Panasonic Symphony 8.

On the Symphony 8, to listen to recorded music all you do is slide in a stereo cartridge. It's the same kind of stereo cartridge that many people listen to in their automobiles.

Granted, when they're brand new, records probably sound as good as stereo tape recordings. But, unfortunately,

phonograph records warp, get scratched and eventually wear out.

Of course, we don't expect you to rush out and buy a dozen stereo cartridges right away. So we've built an FM/AM and FM stereo tuner into the Symphony 8.

We've built a couple of other things into it, too. The Symphony 8 has 41 Solid State devices, separate bass and treble controls, a special selector that lets you blank out everything but FM stereo, and a push-button channel selector and lighted-channel indicator.

Each of the twin speakers has a 7" woofer and a 2 1/4" tweeter. So they'll sound good anywhere. And they'll look good anywhere, too. Because they, like the rest of the Symphony 8, come in matched walnut cabinets. The kind you usually have to pay extra to get.

Right now the Symphony 8 (RE-7070) probably sounds pretty good to you. Once you listen to it, we have a funny feeling that you'll never buy another phonograph record...another phonograph record...another phonograph record...



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Same Old Taylor. Some new bottle!

Our old bottle looked
a lot like some other
Bourbon bottles.

So now we've got a
new one.

Now our bottle's not
like anybody else's. Our
Bourbon never was.



SCORECARD

IN PRINCIPLE

It is understandable, in the current emotional context, that black American athletes, angry over the International Olympic Committee's decision to allow apartheid South Africa to compete at Mexico City, should seriously consider boycotting the Games. But insofar as the U.S. itself is concerned, such a boycott is illogical. We have never refused to compete in sports with countries that do not subscribe to our political or social principles. On the contrary, the official theory behind our encouragement of competition with the Soviet and other Communist nations has always been that this exchange should benefit our side in the long run. The notion that we should become dropouts if someone else does not do things the way we do them contradicts the democratic spirit. Political and social sentiments aside, sport provides a middle ground for the intermingling and understanding of diverse beliefs. This has been true since Athens played Sparta.

DOGGONE IT

The old Madison Square Garden has closed after a series of sentimental lasts—the last horse show, the last Knick game, the last hockey game, the last wrestling match—and last of all the lasts, the last Westminster dog show.

By the time the dogs arrived the dismantling of the building had already begun. The scoreboard was gone, and the signs had been removed from the rest-room doors, making it something of a sporting proposition to open them. Only one pay phone was working.

In the minimal space, 2,850 pedigreed dogs barked and whined, and their owners did likewise. The biggest fuss was caused by the fact that for the third year in a row the judges chose a British dog as best-in-show, and for the fourth straight year a terrier.

After hearing all the bitching, someone came up with the suggestion that the dogs be judged by computer. Their

height, weight and various dimensions would be fed into the machine and out would come the name of the most perfect dog.

But the owners wanted no such breed of judge. As the handler of a bloodhound said, "Westminster is like the Atlantic City beauty contest. Do you want to put the girls through a computer? No! If a girl's got the legs, she hopes the judge is a leg man. If he isn't this year, next year's judge may be. But lose once to the computer, and she'll lose every time. There would be no sport."

And that was the end of sport at the old Garden.

GREAT BARRIER GRIEF

Australia's Great Barrier Reef, the extraordinary shelf of multicolored coral that lies off the country's northeast coast, is being destroyed by giant starfish.

Large areas of the reef have already been turned into limestone rubble as thousands of Crown of Thorns starfish, which are some two feet across and have 13 to 17 arms, feed on the living coral. Dr. Robert Endean, a University of Queensland zoologist studying the problem, has reported that, "In some places 80% of the coral has been destroyed. Tourists now notice the reef is losing its beauty."

The increase in the number of starfish probably results from the dwindling population of tritons, the starfish's natural predator. A triton, which is a snail-like shellfish about 18 inches long, consumes a large starfish a day, but it sometimes seems a tourist consumes a triton a day. Triton shells are much sought after, and U.S. collectors pay high prices for them. There is a definite relationship between the presence of the giant starfish and tourist resorts where the shells are collected.

Several months ago the operators of one Barrier Reef resort began paying skin divers 10¢ for each starfish killed. Some 50,000 were destroyed before it was discovered the slaughter was hope-

less—the starfish were proliferating too fast for individual extermination to have any effect.

After studying the problem for two years, scientists are no nearer a solution. Meanwhile, each starfish kills about 24 square inches of coral per day. There is little consolation in the theory that the balance of nature eventually will be restored when the starfish increase so fast they run out of food. They have 1,250 miles of coral reef to chew on. Meanwhile, conservationists can once again chew on the thought of how effortlessly man upsets the intricate ways of nature.

LANDMARK DECISION

No one is sure that the 18th century poet William Blake would have disapproved, but his British devotees certainly did recently when it became likely that Blake's home at 17 South Molton Street in London might be converted into a betting shop. Impassioned letters were sent to *The Times Literary Supplement*, and a group of Blake enthusiasts hired



a lawyer to block the bookmaker's application for a license.

A betting shop would not be out of place on South Molton Street—there was one until recently down the block. But as the Blakean counsel noted, "One appreciates this is rather an unrealistic age. No place seems sacred, but it is going to be difficult for people to conjure

envisaged

If the Irish had invented skiing, what would they have invented to drink afterward?

Irish Mist Coffee. Made with Irish Mist Liqueur.

Add a jigger to black coffee. Top with whipped cream, and sip slowly through the cream. It's as different from regular Irish Coffee as flavor is from fire. When you come in from the cold, have an Irish Mist Coffee. And be happy the Irish have a taste for indoor sports.



80 PROOF, HEUBLEIN, INC.
HARTFORD, CONN., SOLE IMPORTER U.S.A.

SCORECARD (continued)

up visions of William Blake while surrounded by gentlemen, however respectable, in a betting shop."

Unmoved, authorities granted the license, but the bookmaker lost out anyway, for the lease was given to a maker of ladies' gowns.

How's that for sacrifice?

SMU OVER ARKANSAS

As is usual at this time of year, Southwest Conference coaches are hotfooting it about Texas recruiting football prospects. Hotfooting is not quite the right word, however, since a number of the coaches have taken to flying around in private jets, presumably to impress the high school boys whom they hope to sign.

Frank Broyles of Arkansas tells of landing in Dallas recently in a Jet Falcon 622 belonging to Governor Winthrop Rockefeller. "My pilot happened to remark, 'There's Coach Fry's plane now,'" says Broyles. "I kind of sat back and said to myself, 'I hope Hayden sees me in this.' Then his plane pulls up and it's a bigger jet than mine."

PATOIS

French chauvinists have long decried the use of Anglicisms such as "le weekend" and "le living room" and have called for a cleanup of the French tongue.

The Olympic Games at Grenoble provided a unique opportunity for showing that there is really nothing that cannot be said in excellent French. Television announcers of the European-wide ORTF network received strict orders to use pure French. Hence, ice hockey became "hockey sur glace," the puck turned into "le pater" and the stick, "une crosse." Apparently it did not matter that in French Canada, where the sport originated, hockey is called "hockey," the puck is "la rondelle" and the stick "le bâton."

That's just the dialect of the colonies.

SPORTING DAY

The House of Lords devoted a recent parliamentary session to the virtues and defects of British sport. A summary of the debate appeared the next day in *The Times*. The newspaper reported:

The Lord Chancellor took his seat on the Woolack at 2 p.m.

Lord Pilkington, formerly Sir Harry Pilkington, took the oath and subscribed the roll.

Lord Willis (L.) said the strength of British sport lay in the fact that most of it was organized on a voluntary basis.

Lord Byers (L.) said there was a good deal to be said for encouraging leisure interests that did not depend on winning or losing against anyone else. He said there is so much of this in our working lives that a capitalist society needs an antidote. He had led groups of young people to Eastern Europe to walk and climb with the nationals, and they concluded that they had had the best summit talks. (Laughter)

Lady Burton of Coventry (L.) said that in 1958 she had pursued the question of amateurism in lawn tennis.

The Bishop of Chester said there was danger of a division between those in the top class and those who still wished to play games just for the sake of doing so. He said it is unlikely that we shall ever see again an all-rounder like Lord Desborough who can achieve excellence in a number of sporting events.

The Bishop of Lichfield, who rowed for Cambridge University in 1930, said hooliganism was not caused by the game.

Lord Ferrier (C.) said field sports received plenty of criticism, largely from people whom he regarded as ignorant and sometimes bigoted or both. He said the followers of field sports did not smash up railway trains and harm each other or anyone else.

Lady Phillips, Baroness-in-waiting, said, Lord Ferrier notwithstanding, the problem of hooliganism had been played up too much. But I am sure that you will accuse me of class consciousness, she said.

The House rose at 8:52 p.m.

IT'S A GAT

Bill Rosensohn, who a few years back was promoting Ingemar Johansson, showed up at the National Boat Show in New York a fortnight ago with a new winner, a jet-powered surfboard that packs quite a punch. Called a Motec-board, it is supposed to make surfing possible on the calmest lake or on a river and can be used by ocean surfers just like a conventional board. Rosensohn claims it will triple or quadruple an ocean surfer's wave-riding time by eliminating the need for paddling.

In 12 days Promoter Rosensohn sold 508 boards (at \$450 apiece). The board, which is aluminum and operates without propellers, has a throttle to adjust

speed and can be controlled from a sitting, standing or prone position. If Rosensohn could have controlled some of his partners (not to mention Ingo) with comparable versatility, he might still be in the boxing business.

ABBREVIATION

In Hamilton County, Ohio, the Board of Park Commissioners was looking for a name for a new 1,010-acre park. There was a suggestion that the commissioners might call the place what the Indians once did, Moqueghlike Kitchokema Weh-yahpihehrshwah Sepe. After lengthy consideration, the commissioners chose Shawnee Lookout instead. Which seems pale-faced by comparison.

KICKING

Last year the NCAA Football Rules Committee passed a controversial punt-return rule, one that had gloomy coaches in a fury of protest about possibly maimed players, ruination of the game and similar claptrap. Try it anyway, said the committee. The rule declared that only ends and backs could go down-field when the ball was snapped.

The result was no maiming, no ruination and some slightly livelier football on punt return plays. In short, the coaches had been wrong. Nonetheless, the NCAA committee has now revoked its one-year rule. Presumably, all the coaches who protested the rule—in part because it made them work on an element of the game they had been able to ignore before—are pleased, but it is Penn State Coach Joe Paterno who should be listened to.

"It seems ludicrous to change a rule that has only been in effect one year," says Paterno. "We just started to learn to live with it. Why can't the NCAA make up its mind and let us play the same game two years in a row?"

Why not, indeed.

THEY SAID IT

• Christl Haas, Austrian skier, on the drug test at the Winter Olympics: "I understand that this will concern only the first three, the medal winners. Why, you would think we were a bunch of racehorses."

• Bob Ferry, Baltimore center, after a fracas with Walt Chamberlain in a Bulls-76er game: "I threw a left hook, but I was backpedaling so fast it never got there."

END



John Havlicek — star basketball player to the world's champion Boston Celtics.

Havlicek has his hair styled. Care to give him a ribbing?

Careful! John's ribs stand about even with most men's heads. He's six foot five. And if you think hairstyling makes him any less a man, forget it. John's often interviewed on TV after a game, and that's no time to resemble a shaggy dog. Hairstyling's the answer. You see, a stylist styles your hair along its natural growth lines. So even if you mix it up on the basketball court like John, it stays in place automatically. The grooming aids stylists use and recommend help too. Dep for Men Styling Gels for body and styling control ... and Dep for Men Hair Spray for extra hold. Take a good look at Havlicek. Now look at yourself. Couldn't you do with a hairstyle and some Dep for Men, too?



Dep for men-the hairstyling products

IN SPED THE ANCIENTS

Seasoned Olympic performers like America's Terry McDermott and Italy's Eugenio Monti excelled in the Winter Games' closing days as the once-mighty Russians fizzled and the French and Austrians sizzled by **BOB OTTUM**

Once the thing gets loose and starts lurching across the snow, a monster like the Winter Olympics is hard to stop. The whole contraption has grown so big, with so many pocket dramas being played across far mountain tops and valleys, that two wild weeks of it may not be enough. When the Xth Winter Games ended in France last Sunday there was an unfinished, to-be-continued feeling in the air.

France and Austria were locked in a slalom controversy that may not be settled to Austria's satisfaction in a hundred years, even though it was quite possible to determine the facts (*page 17*). There was a mini-scandal in huge. There was this used bobsled run up in Alpe d'Huez that one could buy pretty cheap, especially by just promising to break it up and take it away. Finally, if anyone was looking for a new generation of heroes, they are yet to come; at Grenoble they were as scarce as Americans who stayed on their feet.

But certain signs were there for all to see, to grasp and cling to. Such as: the Russians ain't what they used to be in winter sports. In 1964 they had won 25 medals of various colors—11 gold, eight silver and six bronze. At Grenoble they took only 13, including five gold. And: little old Norway, despite some disappointments, was doing just fine, thank you—topping all other countries in medals won, with 14. Also: comely blonde Swedes can find happiness after 30.

Consider the creaky oldtimers. One ancient gentleman of 40 took the two

bobsledding gold medals, and another man came out of retirement at 27 and speed-skated to a silver medal. And a lithe, 30-year-old Swedish cross-country skier, maybe the only woman in all the world who looks great in knickers, accomplished such wonders as winning two gold medals and a silver and knitting a new white sweater for her daughter in one busy week.

The medicare hero of the Games was Italy's Eugenio Monti, who has had spills without number and fractures beyond counting, but until this month no Olympic gold. "I was going to quit," he said. "The only reason I came back into competition two years ago was to get the thing I wanted most, an Olympic gold medal. Now I can stop. At 40 it is too old for the bob."

But quitting was taking a long time. Once he got his gold medal in the two-man event—Monti and partner Luciano de Paolis beating out West Germany—Eugenio was pressed into service as pilot of the Italian four-man sled. And in the biting cold of last Saturday morning he did it again.

That extra gold medal was Monti's bonus reward for hard and painful homework. Last year in the pre-Olympic meet he crashed heavily and came around the last curve on his helmet, with the sled riding him. This time Monti studied the course as no other bobbler did, his blue eyes glistening from a face rebuilt by plastic surgery. Instead of riding to the top in a truck with his teammates after practice runs, he elected to walk

back up alongside the track. He memorized all the curves and bumps, becoming a familiar figure in his scraped old lumpy blue parka and red knit cap.

Just as a year ago, an aura of misfortune seemed to hang over the run. First, snow filled it up in spots. Then fog blotted it out. Then the sun softened it. None of the sledders had had enough practice, even though they were being tugged out of bed at 4:15 a.m. "It is not very well," said Monti softly one day. "I will be glad when it is over."

While the bobsledders were nail-gnawing their way through postponements and 5 a.m. competition, Sweden's Toini Gustafsson was staging a show all her own down inside cold Aunans Valley, 60 road miles away, wearing a red cap over her blonde curls.

True, her opponents on the favored Soviet women's Nordic team were all new. They were not the ones who had conquered in the last world championships—something about these sex tests, it was said. Still, any woman who will admit she is 30 when the Olympic record book says she is only 29 has got to be fairly confident. In the 10-kilometer run Toini kicked her narrow skis to her first gold medal, not exactly to the roaring cheers of thousands, since Nordic spectating takes about as much courage as participating. And while the Russians were analyzing that one, she clobbered them at five kilometers. Thus she became the first Swedish woman ever to win two gold medals at a Winter Olympics. By taking a silver in the cross-

continued

Charging over stretched ice, veteran speed skater McDermott races to his "impossible" 500-meter silver medal and a rare U.S. Olympic success.



country relay, she became the most-medaled individual performer, after Kilby, of the Games. "I am also a good cook," she said.

In downtown Grenoble another old-timer, America's Terry McDermott, who had won the only U.S. gold medal at Innsbruck in 1964, entered the 500-meter speed-skating drama once again. "I did not skate at all in 1965 and 1966," he said. "But this year I got to sitting around looking at my leg muscles and wondering if I could make the team."

McDermott and his muscles made it handily. Last Friday he looked around the ice oval with a veteran's ennui and declared, "The competition here does not seem as good as it was in 1964." For all his deadpan cool (whenever he smiled it was a big occasion at the rink), McDermott is an acrobat at heart. That is, he is an anchor man and needs a special challenge to come on strong.

U.S. Skating Coach Ken Henry put McDermott in the last six-man grouping with that in mind. To add a touch of unexpected psych, McDermott drew the very last starting position among

the skaters. His challenge was the 40.3 of West Germany's Erhard Keller. McDermott impassively warmed up, slipping on a pair of brown pigskin gloves and deliberately taking one false start to pump himself up. His home-town coach, Dick Somalski, leaned over and told him, "Terry, it looks good. Now we know what you have to do."

Actually it looked bad. The strategy had seemed sound early, when the ice was smooth and fast—but now the ice was soft and rutted. Even though the refrigeration under the rink had been cranked up to combat a warming day and the ice was being resurfaced between the groups of six, frost formed quickly on top of all the gouges and the track began to look like the Craters of the Moon National Monument.

When his turn came, McDermott lunged away, skating in his old-fashioned upright style. He whooshed across the finish line just two-tenths of a second off Keller's pace, tying Norway's Magne Thomassen for second place. The ice and an unlucky draw had probably cost him his second gold medal.

"Under those conditions, what Terry did was impossible," said Jim Hawkins, secretary of the U.S. International Skating Association. Well, if not impossible, unlikely. But McDermott remained unemotional.

"I'm thinking of retiring again," he said. "I have three children now and I just might have three more." That ought to occupy him until the 1972 Olympics, at which time, unless some bright youngster takes hold, he will get to looking at his leg muscles again.

Meanwhile one of those continued-next-year affairs occurred atop a far-off hillside at Villard-de-Lans. The lugers, those adventurers who go sledding down icy chutes feet first, managed to stir up perhaps the corniest international crisis of any Winter Games.

Here were these three East German girls, Ortrun Enderlein, Anna-Maria Müller and Angela Knosel, sliding along in first, second and fourth spots, having the luge of their lives, when someone accused them of heating their sled runners. Whether they used napalm or the friction of old Karl Marx pamphlets is *not*

continued

Canada's Nancy Greene led all women skiers with a win and a second, and Italy's indomitable Eugenio Monti finally got his bobasledging gold.

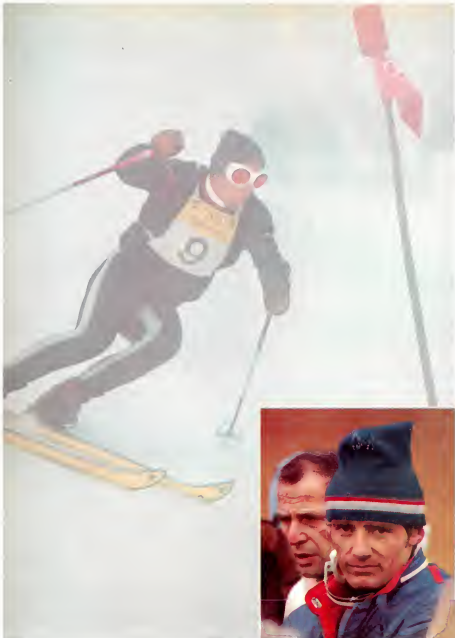




Smiling Tori Gustafsson of Sweden dominated the women's cross-country races; France's fast Murielle Gauthier edged Greene in slalom.

High over the 70-meter ski-jump spectators soak a Finnish contestant at Avtrons (below), one of the most remote sites among Grenoble's venues.





one was prepared to say; however, this alleged warning, which is supposed to make the sleds go faster, is illegal. Along came the judges and tossed Ortrun, Anna-Marie and Angela out of the Olympics; along came the jury, which confirmed that judgment, and along came a shouting world sports crisis, complete with political overtones, since the next girls in line were one Italian and two West Germans.

Other Olympians were careening around their venues in more predictable activities, and this was fine on the hillsides, but downtown Grenoble, beneath the bunting and "Accès Interdit" signs, was tiring. The spectators seemed preoccupied with other things, such as *le* spring, *les* girls and *les* get out of town. However, in the Stade de Glace they tarried to watch the Russian hockey team, a precision collection of lifetime roommates, who were destroying practically everything in their path, and the

figure skaters, who were playing to packed houses.

In one final burst Friday night Austria's World Champion Emmenich Danner was luted out of an Olympic gold by his countryman, Wolfgang Schwarz, he of the gilded skates and the thousand blond curls, and beaten for the silver by American Tim Wood, who further established the fact that skaters are our one Olympic commodity.

But the falling sickness that had hit the U.S. skiers had now been caught by some of our figure skaters. In pairs, the usually cool Kauffmans had a hard night of it. First Cynthia dropped Ronald; then Ronald dropped Cynthia, or something like that. And when the young Montana flash, John Misha Petkevich, came out of his flying Bourke jump, he landed approximately on his left ear.

When the Games were over, Chief Olympic Press Officer Paul Blanc leaned back at his desk, poured a neat wal-

lop of King George Scotch and sighed.

"The organization of the Olympics," he said, "the time, planning and money that goes into them, is much bigger than the actual event. The thing has grown all out of size. It is no longer possible to do it on the intimate, less-troubled, carefree Squaw Valley scale. Those days will never return.

"But if we had it to do all over again, I suppose we would do everything the same. Except that we would never put that bobsled run at Alpe d'Huez. I don't know where, but not there.

"Already the Japanese have been around," he continued, "measuring things, taking pictures and getting ready for the 1972 Winter Games in Sapporo. They have not been in to ask my advice. Why should they?

"The French Olympics are over." He sighed gratefully and sipped at the King George. "The next Olympics are Japan's problem."

JEAN-CLAUDE WINS THE BATTLE AND THE WAR by DAN JENKINS

In retrospect, it seemed inevitable that Jean-Claude Killy would ski away with three gold medals from the 1968 Winter Olympics; and indisputable that if the final Alpine event, the men's slalom, had been run through the fog of Whitechapel, against Jack the Ripper, Jack would have missed two doorways to be disqualified. As the race actually was run in the souped-over village of Chamrousse, a couple of other skiers had to be noisily eliminated by the officials before Killy could sort of sadeslip into his third victory of the Games and thus into a gilded niche in the history of the world's most confused sport.

But after he got his first two golds of the Grenoble fun festival, one in the windiest downhill since Hillary's descent from Everest and the other in the two runs of giant slalom conducted through another thick fog, the big question in everyone's mind was whether the Frenchman could score that historic triple. For certain, because of changes in the rules, it would be a far better triple than Austria's Toni Sailer got in 1956.

For example, Sailer came out of the starting gate only four times at Cortina

—once in downhill, once in giant slalom and twice in slalom. Already Killy had made three runs, and it appeared early in the week that he would have to make four more in order to take the slalom: one to qualify, one to gain the top-seeding group and two on the day of the race itself.

Killy was not delighted at these prospects. He said, "It is ridiculous that I am obliged to beat British and Lebanese racers in order to make the finals."

Jean-Claude did condescend to make the first qualifying run on Wednesday. And he posted the fastest time of all the 102 racers. Now he had left the starting gate four times—as often as Sailer 12 years ago—but still he had only two medals instead of three. Now he was also going to lead a revolt.

On Friday the seeding race was scheduled for the 56 men who had qualified on Wednesday, but Chamrousse's favorite weather—Oxford gray smudge—caused it to be canceled, and the most talented skiers, led by Killy, went into the loftiest group, where their season's records should have put them in the first place.

Everything was thus primed for Saturday's stupendous happening, perhaps the most exciting day in the history of Alpine racing, the day Killy would go

after his third gold medal against the Karl Schranzes, Guy Périllat and Billy Kidds of the world, hopefully before thousands strewn down the hill and millions watching television. Well, everything was primed but the weather, or course, and the race officials. When it comes to being baffled, no group can equal an assemblage of ski-race officials, whether you find them in an Olympics or in Red River, N. Mex.

The fog had choked Chamrousse. At the finish line, if you leaned over a little and adjusted your binoculars, you could see your feet. Up on top, the racers pleaded that they could see no more than two gates ahead. Off to the side a frantically milling collection of TV executives, including ABC's Boone Arledge, were ranting that 300 million viewers around the globe were going to see a slalom, the most important ever run, that would look like a test pattern. The race could simply not be held, everybody thought, if for no other reason than the fact that Arledge, who had spent \$4 million to televise the Games, would go grab all of the slalom poles.

Oh, but it could. Officials of the French government and the city of Grenoble, who had combined to finance the Olympics and who no doubt were disturbed throughout by an obvious absence of

continued

Down through dense fog comes Karl Schranz in his third slalom run. At finish Killy (right) grimly awaits the news of his disputed gold

spectators at practically every event, were not about to blow their biggest payday of all—the 90-meter jump on Sunday. A postponement of the slalom would have forced a conflict.

So the funniest ski race of all time was staged. Dimly, you could see the racers cross the finish line, one by one, trailed by ominous, uncertain applause. They seemed to be creeping down, a convoy of lost souls. As America's Rick Chaffee put it, "I made every gate I could find."

Kelly raced 15th in the first run, and when his time was announced, the fastest of all, he raised his poles straight up in a happy salute to his followers—the lone emotional gesture of the hour that anyone could see.

The fog was so dense that 14 racers were grouped less than one second apart after the first run, from Kelly's 49.37 to a 50.06 for Austria's Herbert Huber. Jimmy Heuga and two other Americans, Spider Sabich and Chaffee, were among these 14 fellows jammed together after

the initial run, three who would eventually wind up fifth (Sabich), seventh (Heuga) and ninth (Chaffee). But Billy Kidd, our best man, was not. Midway down the first course, Kidd caught a tip, spun and fell.

With no letup from the mountain pollution gripping Chamrousse, the second run began, the madcap run that made a Norwegian named Håkon Mjølne the slalom winner—for about 15 minutes. The slalom was next won for about five hours by Austria's ageless Karl Schranz.



MEDAL WINNERS OF THE GRENOBLE WINTER GAMES

EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE	EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE
DOWNHILL (men)	Kelly (France)	Piriot (France)	Darmstadter (Switzerland)	HOCKEY	U.S.S.R.	Czechoslovakia	Canada
GIANT SLALOM (men)	Kelly (France)	Favre (Switzerland)	Mosser (Austria)	FIGURE SKATING (men)	Schwabe (East Germany)	Wood (U.S.A.)	Peng (France)
SLALOM (men)	Kelly (France)	Huber (Austria)	Matt (Austria)	FIGURE SKATING (ladies)	Fleming (U.S.A.)	Seyfert (East Germany)	Merkova (Czechoslovakia)
DOWNHILL (ladies)	Pall (Austria)	Mir (France)	Hann (Austria)	FIGURE SKATING (pairs)	Belomoukova-Prutiganova (U.S.S.R.)	Juchacz-Gierga (U.S.S.R.)	Glockschuetz-Darwin (West Germany)
GIANT SLALOM (ladies)	Grosjean (Canada)	Favre (France)	Bocharov (Switzerland)	SPEED SKATING 500-m (men)	Keller (West Germany)	McDonnell (U.S.A.)	Thorenson (Norway)
SLALOM (ladies)	Gotschdel (France)	Grosjean (Canada)	Panzone (France)	SPEED SKATING 1,000-m (men)	Verkerk (Netherlands)	Schreck (Netherlands)	Eriksson (Norway)
CROSS COUNTRY 15-km (men)	Groningen (Norway)	Marttunen (Finland)	Lassak (Sweden)	SPEED SKATING 5,000-m (men)	Maior (Norway)	Verkerk (Netherlands)	Nagel (Netherlands)
CROSS COUNTRY 20-km (men)	Nees (Italy)	Martman (Norway)	Marttunen (Finland)	SPEED SKATING 10,000-m (men)	Heglin (Sweden)	Maior (Norway)	Sandberg (Sweden)
CROSS COUNTRY 30-km (men)	Elberbauer (Norway)	Vidgren (U.S.S.R.)	Hann (Switzerland)	SPEED SKATING 500-m (ladies)	Takva (U.S.S.R.)	Hedem (U.S.S.R.)	Fisk (U.S.A.)
CROSS COUNTRY RELAY (men)	Norway	Sweden	Finland	SPEED SKATING 1,000-m (ladies)	Gustafson (Netherlands)	Takva (U.S.S.R.)	Hedem (U.S.A.)
SPECIAL JUMP 30-m	Rauka (Czechoslovakia)	Bachler (Austria)	Pretzel (Austria)	SPEED SKATING 1,500-m (ladies)	Mustonen (Finland)	Grosjean (Netherlands)	Kaiser (Netherlands)
SPECIAL JUMP 50-m	Belomoukova (U.S.S.R.)	Rauka (Czechoslovakia)	Gross (Norway)	SPEED SKATING 3,000-m (ladies)	Schut (Netherlands)	Martonen (Finland)	Kaiser (Netherlands)
NORDIC COMBINED	Keller (West Germany)	Kuhn (Switzerland)	Kuhn (East Germany)	BOBLED (two-man)	Monte-Du-Paillet (Italy)	Fisch-Bader (East Germany)	Pastor-Nagel (Romania)
BIATHLON	Sundberg (Norway)	Takvam (U.S.S.R.)	Gundersen (U.S.S.R.)	BOBLED (four-man)	Monte (Italy)	Traiser (Austria)	Wallo (Switzerland)
BIATHLON RELAY	U.S.S.R.	Norway	Sweden	LUGE (single, men)	Schmid (Austria)	T. Koller (East Germany)	Bernack (East Germany)
CROSS COUNTRY 5-km (ladies)	Gustafson (Sweden)	Krudholm (U.S.S.R.)	Kalchauer (U.S.S.R.)	LUGE (two-man, men)	Kuhlen-Bornack (East Germany)	Schmid-Walch (Austria)	Winkler-Nachmann (West Germany)
CROSS COUNTRY 10-km (ladies)	Gustafson (Sweden)	Morner (Norway)	Aufles (Norway)	LUGE (single, ladies)	Lochner (Italy)	Schmuck (West Germany)	Dienhaag (West Germany)
CROSS COUNTRY RELAY (ladies)	Norway	Sweden	U.S.S.R.				

It was finally won by Killy. But not before a sort of dis-United Nations conference had been held, and a decision rendered. The decision was correct, but Austria is never going to stop howling about it.

Killy started first, snaking through the gates not only with visual difficulty but also two broken buckles on his right boot, a problem discovered just one minute before he started. There was a brief celebration, most of the French assuming that no one else would even be able to find the *arrivée* banner until Tuesday or Wednesday. But along came Hakon Mjoen. He was faster. Or was he? He couldn't have been faster if he made all of the gates, said the French. "Hakon Mjoen," said a Frenchman, "did you make all the gates?"

"Well . . ." said Mjoen. That was the tipoff. He hadn't.

About now Schranz was supposed to be coming, but Karl had stopped way up at the 22nd gate because a course patrolman, one of those guys whose main duty, it seems, is to push spectators around, had got onto the trail and interfered with the Austrian. A Russian FIS delegate saw it, as did a Yugoslavian delegate and an East German racer. They all climbed back up the hill to testify in Karl's behalf. Schranz was hastily awarded a rerun and, with the advantage of having skied a third of the gates already, posted the fastest time. Schranz then began to celebrate. He was hugged and hoisted, and even taken to an interview as the winner, where he said, "You always expect a victory like mine when someone trains as hard as I did."

Killy was utterly unmoved, almost as if he knew something Schranz didn't—namely, that the race jury was going to disqualify Karl for blowing two gates above the point where the patrolman absentmindedly interfered. Gates 18 and 19, to be specific, the same gates Hakon Mjoen had missed. In a ski race there is a gatekeeper for every three gates, and when a man skips one, the keeper writes down his name and the gate he misses on a piece of paper and posts it on a board. This was done.

Word also circulates rather swiftly around a finish line that a racer has missed a gate when, indeed, he has. And this happened. One of the reasons Killy seemed so confident while the jury met was the simple fact that Schranz had swept past Gates 18 and 19 several yards

above the point where he was forced to skid to a stop because of the patrolman, and everybody was saying that Karl would surely be thrown out.

Finally, there was this five-hour jury meeting where a French protest was stacked onto an Austrian counterprotest. After looking at all the foggy TV tapes and hearing the gatekeeper's testimony, two Frenchmen and one Swiss outvoted a Norwegian and a Briton, and Schranz was officially disqualified. Killy had his third gold medal.

The reason for the split vote and the jury's prolonged deliberations was the dissenters' steadfast acceptance of Schranz's claim: that he had taken Hakon Mjoen's short-cut route only because he had been bothered as early as Gate 18 by a glimpse of the errant course patrolman at Gate 22. The British juror, by the way, was the starter who had granted Schranz his extra run.

Schranz spent the whole next day granting angry interviews around Grenoble, saying that he did miss the gates but insisting he saw this shadow before him—the shadow of the patrolman. Some people wondered how Schranz could see a shadow in the fog, but gave him that, figuring he meant a silhouette. Others didn't, saying crafty old Karl was trying to politic a gold medal. Killy shrugged it all off in his usual manner, saying, "If I was beaten, it was by a great racer. I am on the summit, anyhow. One more gold, more or less, does not matter." He was as right as the jury.

For the U.S. Alpine team it was a fairly fearful Olympics all around, partly because of injury and partly because of inexperience, but mostly because we are not as good as the French and the Austrians and even the Swiss this year. France wound up with eight medals overall in Alpine skiing, while Austria got five and Switzerland three. America got zero, coming the closest with Kidd only .54 of a second out of third place in giant slalom, with Sabich only .40 of a second out of third in the slalom, and with 16-year-old Judy Nagel, who led the first run of the women's slalom, tightening into an emotional wreck and skiing past the second gate in the final run.

"What's a real shame," said Coach Bob Beattie, "is that we have to come in here with a good team, then get everybody banged up and have to ask a 16-year-old girl to go up on a mountain

and save America in the Olympics."

However, the top skiers, who won the golds, obviously did not get banged up. Killy took the three men's races as he should have, and the leading girls all did the things they do best. Olga Pall won the downhill, Canada's Nancy Greene blazed to a giant slalom win by a stunning 2.64 seconds, and Marielle Goitschel calmly won the slalom, becoming the first Alpine skier, girl or boy, to win races in two different Olympics. She had won the Innsbruck giant slalom in 1964 over her sister Christine and America's Jean Saubert.

The striking success of the favorites diminished the talk, most of it from the racers themselves, that the World Cup was a more urgent thing to win than the Olympics.

The Olympics were more important than anyone had been willing to admit, and proof of this came at the dark finish line of the slalom. Gathered there were a number of men eager to sign Killy up after this season to endorse skis and do a dozen other profitable things. Among them was Mark McCormack, who handles the top pro golfers. McCormack said he could get Killy six figures now to do nothing more than try on sweaters and fasten a couple of bindings. "This sport," he said, "is ready to explode with opportunity." He spoke of TV ski classics, open racing, downhill relays. "Killy could almost change it by himself," McCormack said.

No one can truly predict whether either Killy or skiracing will change. However, one thing is certain. Jean-Claude, weighted down with seven gold medals in all, counting the four he got from the FIS, does not especially want to work. He would settle for less money than he might be offered if he could just "do well" and travel around. "I am too old to be a top car driver," he says, "and I am too smart to get in the movie circus." He might—he just might—continue to race in all of the Hahnenkamms that dominate skiing in the years between the Olympics. And if he does, it will be a pretty good indication that financial opportunity for European amateur ski racers is very nifty. Which is what Avery Brundage started suggesting before the Grenoble flame was lit, and before the Gods of Chamrousse began smiling on the greatest skier ever, who probably didn't even need the help in the first place.

END

KENTUCKY IN A WILDCAT LEAGUE

Adolph (the Baron) Rupp, scowling as usual, is winning, but not the way he used to. The competition in the Southeastern Conference, thanks to Rupp's influence, may be the toughest in the nation **by JOE JARES**

Adolph F. Rupp has a scowl that could freeze a basketball player in midair. It is a truly magnificent expression, etched by crags and seams that have been carefully developed in more than 37 seasons as head coach of the Kentucky Wildcats. The face's main features are a forehead that has more furrows than any Fayette County farm and an upside-down U of a mouth that is accentuated by two deep creases that run from the corners down to under his chin. Last season was the worst of his career (13 wins, 13 losses) and his grimace and growl worked overtime. This season things are back to normal—that is to say, he is as cantankerous as ever, but his team is winning again.

Through last weekend Kentucky had a 17-4 record and was leading the Southeastern Conference. There was a time when that kind of record for Kentucky was hardly one of those things you shot off rockets about. Down among the bayous, everglades and peach trees, football was the religion and people like Bear Bryant and Bobby Dodd were the prophets. Today that has changed and, while the SEC is still one of the best football conferences, it also just might be the best basketball conference.

LSU's Pete Maravich, only a sophomore, is the leading scorer in the country. Florida's Neal Walk, a 6' 10" junior, may be next to Houston's Elvin Hayes—the nation's best combination scorer-rebounder. A college marketing professor in Dayton has figured out that Mississippi, Florida, Kentucky, Vanderbilt and Tennessee have played the five toughest schedules in the U.S., and the latter four schools, plus Alabama and LSU, have lost a total of only six non-conference games.

"I think the balance in our league is the best it ever has been and as good as any in the country right now," said Flori-

da Coach Tommy Bartlett. "For example, Vanderbilt has beaten clubs like North Carolina and Duke, which are one-two in the Atlantic Coast Conference, and Davidson, which is No. 1 in the Southern. Still, Vanderbilt is only No. 4 in our league right now [that changed last Saturday when the Commodores beat defending champ Tennessee in Nashville].

"We are the only league in the country that has three teams [Kentucky, Tennessee and Vandy] in the Top Ten . . . and they have been there almost all season long. The only reason they ever drop in rating is that they are beaten by another SEC team."

The man most responsible for the SEC's improvement is the Baron of the Bluegrass himself, Rupp. His winning teams finally forced the other schools to improve. As Georgia Coach Ken Rosemond, who has brought winning basketball to a school that had 16 straight losing seasons before this one, points out, "Following Kentucky's lead, the part-time coaches who were physical ed instructors and assistant football coaches had to be replaced by basketball men, men like Rupp. New arenas then had to be built to finance the recruiting necessary to keep the pace, and then recruiting had to be emphasized to justify the big arenas."

But it took the SEC a long time to wake up. While it dozed between football seasons, Rupp built up a backlog of wins that helped him to become the most successful coach in basketball history. The game that put him ahead of his old coach at Kansas, Phog Allen, came against Mississippi, which had not beaten Rupp in 29 tries. It was Rupp's 772nd win. After the game the fans gave a standing ovation to the Baron, who fancies himself, no doubt correctly, as the grand old man of basketball. He beamed,

but Ol' Miss should expect no mercy the next time they meet. He scowled at that win, too.

Of course, Rupp is not making any baskets himself. He has very good talent to manipulate and glower at, most notably a bowlegged farmboy named Mike Casey, a 6' 4" sophomore from Simpsonville, Ky. who was basketball's Mr. Kentucky, or Kentucky's Mr. Basketball, or something like that.

Casey is not as dazzling as LSU's Maravich, but he has not fared too badly in their two confrontations. Kentucky won both games with ease. In the first, Maravich scored 52 points, the most ever made by an individual against a Rupp-coached team, but he was rattat-tat-ing like a machine gun (51 shots). Casey took only 22 shots and made 13 for 31 points. In the second game, Maravich scored 44 to Casey's 29, but Maravich played almost twice as much and took 15 more shots and Casey had a bad case of flu.

"I told him I didn't want him to play," said Rupp, "but he's a tenacious kid. He's just got to win."

Casey is a sophomore, however, and sophomores make atrocious errors, as the Baron has proclaimed many times. Casey has made far fewer mistakes than his share, but one at Auburn could eventually cost the Wildcats the SEC title. With Kentucky ahead by one point and with 36 seconds left, he fouled an Auburn player under the Wildcat basket—a completely unnecessary foul—and Auburn won on the two free throws. Even though Auburn's Quonset-hut gym is the last snakepit in the league, Kentucky should not have lost there.

Two other sophomores are starting for Rupp and both are outstanding. Dan Issel is 6' 8" and agile, and about the only bad thing you can say about him is that when Kentucky first made

contact with him at his home in Butavia, Ill. he had never heard of Adolph Rupp. He was not Mr. Illinois, but he was close to it, and he certainly is familiar now with Adolph Rupp.

Mike Pruitt a 6'4" forward, is as strong or stronger than Kentucky's musclemann All-America of last season, Pat Riley. He cannot shoot like Casey or rebound like Issel, but he can do a fair amount of both. As good as he is, he might not ever make All-SEC because the conference is loaded with other talented sophomores. Besides Maravich, Casey and Issel, Georgia is being led by 6' 11" Bob Lennhard, who comes from the Bronx, and Guard Jerry Epling, from West Virginia. Tennessee has 6' 10" Bobby Croft, from the Canadian National Team, and Vanderbilt has leaping Perry Wallace, the first Negro to play basketball in the conference.

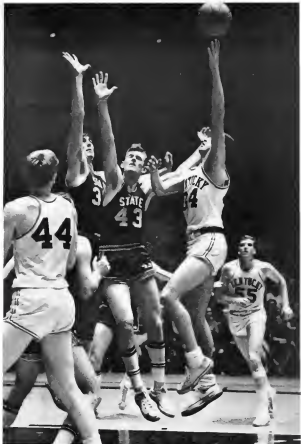
This league of youth has been mixed up all season but Rupp's youngsters found themselves last week in position to take over the lead. They met Tennessee at Lexington on Monday night and, before a standing-room-only crowd, beat the Volunteers, 60-59, on Casey's bank shot and Issel's layup.

By the end of that night it looked as if the SEC would end in a three- or four-way tie, but Saturday's games went a long way toward helping Kentucky finish alone. Tennessee played at Vanderbilt, its fourth road game in a row, and it became the Vols' third straight loss. They had won 33 straight at home in Knoxville, but they obviously do not like living out of suitcases. Vanderbilt has a wonderfully dexterous team that features two Kentuckians and, though it had stumbled since beating North Carolina, Duke and Davidson in one smashing week, it is still in the SEC running. It shot beautifully against Tennessee to win rather easily, 75-63.

Dejected Tennessee Coach Ray Mears was asked last Saturday afternoon about the possibility of a four-way tie.

"I wouldn't bet on it," he said. "It could come down to two, but probably only one."

That night in Lexington, the one team looked like Kentucky. The Wildcats were somewhat flat against sharpshooting Mississippi State but in the last 10 minutes they went to work and chewed



Mike Casey, star of Kentucky's sophomores, hocks over Mississippi State defenders.

the Bulldogs to pieces, 107-81. Issel was tough on the boards and scored 22 points. His fraternity brother, Casey, was even better, scoring 30 points and making one of the guttiest plays of the night.

He ran down the court on a one-on-one fast break, shot and missed. By this time another Mississippi State man had arrived but Casey outfought them both for the rebound, twisted between them, shot again and missed. And once again he grabbed the rebound and finally made

the basket. Spectators got the impression that Casey would have scored the basket if he had had to shoot all night.

The little battle happened only about 10 feet from where Baron Adolph was sitting and the smile on his face actually looked like a smile. He did not, however seem too overjoyed. He knew he still had to play Georgia on the road and Vanderbilt at home in his last regular-season game. That's enough to put a scowl on St. Francis' face, let alone the Baron's.

END

FROM POP ART TO BOUNCE BACK

After a horrible season, the Dodgers are full of jokes, trades and early practices that may mean revival. Walter O'Malley is letting Angelinos into Chavez Ravine (free!) to watch them sweat **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

The door to the tiny, neatly kept clubhouse at the Los Angeles Dodgers' spring training camp in Vero Beach, Fla., will be slammed shut late this week, and Manager Walt Alston will stand in the middle of the room, smile and look around as he has on the opening day of spring training for the last 14 years. Orlando Cepeda's cousin will be in that room with Alston. So will other things and people who have never been there before, hula hoops and Ester-Genies, as well as a high school athlete from Texas who lettered in five sports and a youngster who seems to specialize in getting himself hit by pitches. For the first time former Twins, Cubs and even a Giant will be present, and when Alston is finally through examining both the personnel and paraphernalia surrounding him it

will be amazing if that phlegmatic man does not gulp twice.

Two weeks ago, at a special public workout at Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles, Alston and a crowd of 10,000 hot-dog-eating, Pepsi-swilling partisans saw for the first time many of the elements of a 1968 team that Owner Walter O'Malley hopes will be built back into a National League contender with sealing wax or string or maybe even some extra work. Generally not known to the casual baseball fan as the fact that since the end of January the Dodgers, sometimes as many as 20 of them at a time, have been working out at Dodger Stadium three times a week as part of the most extensive rehabilitation project any club has ever launched. Once, of course, there was a rule forbidding such training before March 1, but it no longer stands. And even though some of their opponents felt that the Dodgers skated over the outer edges of propriety by starting so early, Operation Bounce Back, designed to rescue Los Angeles from the swiftest overall decline in baseball history, continued.

By tumbling from first place to eighth, the Dodgers equaled a major league record established by Connie Mack in 1915, when he felt compelled to break up his Philadelphia Athletics. Although last year's Dodgers still had the third-highest home attendance in baseball (1,664,000 compared to the St. Louis Cardinals' 2,200,000), they fell off by nearly one million at the gate from the previous season. That amounts to a \$5 million dip, and O'Malley has never been known to look lightly upon a decline of five million anything.

Normally such a quick descent in baseball is followed by a long, fallow row of seasons, but when the team is the Dodgers baseball people know better. The Dodgers have a truly won reputation for being not only the most resilient club

in the game, but also the shrewdest at capitalizing on its trends and nuances. By tightening a small screw here, adding a blowout patch there and, occasionally, trading, they rose from seventh in 1958 to first in 1959, from sixth in 1964 to first in 1965. Trading, training and tightening since last October, they have been more aggressive than in either of those years. They will be this spring's most closely watched team.

For those people who like their heroes ants, it is unfortunate that a thrilling four-team American League pennant race and the graceful runaway by the Cardinals in the National detracted from the spectacular negative accomplishments of the '67 Dodgers, because they were probably closer to pop art than any team since the 1962 New York Mets. "During other years," Alston said recently, "we used to give out bonuses to players who hit .300 or batted in 100 runs. There were times last season when I felt we should have given large bonuses to anyone who hit a sacrifice fly or got a base on balls. We finished eighth on a full team effort. These fellows were so nice last year they didn't want to hurt each other's pride, so they all had bad years together."

Los Angeles opened last season in Cincinnati with Bob Miller replacing Sandy Koufax in the pitching rotation, and after four Reds had been to the plate in the first inning there were two balls in the right-field bleachers. Gene Michael and Bob Bailey, the two men picked up from Pittsburgh for Maury Wills, started the season as if they were swinging bats in eight feet of water. From time to time live men played shortstop, but unfortunately—or maybe fortunately—they could not all play at the same time. On top of that, a game was rained out in L.A.—the first time that had happened in nine years—and a third baseman made three errors in one inning.



Zola Versalles works out for his new team.

Then things went bad. In one game the pitching blew a five-run lead, with two out in the bottom of the ninth; in another it gave up 20 runs. By June the Dodgers were in eighth place, where they sat for the season. On closing day they were 28½ games out of first place, only the second Dodger team to finish eighth in 63 years.

"There might have been a built-in excuse last year," says General Manager Buzzie Bavasi, "in that the players were in a state of shock without Koufax and Willis. But, let's face it, we were lousy. We tried so many experiments that we became the Thomas Edisons of baseball. We will have no excuses to fall back on this time, and our Alamo cry to the players is, 'We finished eighth with you, and we can finish eighth without you.' But I think we will fool a lot of people this year. Remember, we have one big thing going for us, that same weapon—Walter Alston."

Gags about the Dodgers are now the rage in Los Angeles, and some people mischievously note that the California Angels down in Anaheim drew only 300,000 fewer people last year than the Dodgers and that soon a new National League franchise will be moving into San Diego. Anyone who thought that the Los Angeles collapse would be quietly forgotten was pulled up sharply when Milton Berle recently cracked some devastating jokes before 1,100 people at the annual baseball writers' dinner in the Hollywood Palladium. "Welcome baseball fans, baseball players . . . and Dodgers," Berle began. "The Dodgers are like Kleenex—soft, straight and they pop up one at a time . . . Seriously, folks, I predict that the Dodgers will win the pennant. But don't go by me. I also predicted that Elizabeth Taylor would become a nun."

Within the next six weeks Alston and his Dodgers have a well-charted course for what must be done on the diamonds, in batting cages and the sliding pits of Vero. For the first time Los Angeles will work out twice a day until the team breaks camp, and this will enable the pitchers to work nine innings sooner than they have in the past. "We will have the infielders run more than ever before," Alston said recently, "to try and cut down on muscle pulls. There has been some suggestion that we try to run a mile in under six minutes on open-

ing day in Vero, but I think we might skip that for awhile."

In order to get the players to play the "Dodger way" a list of 150 questions has been compiled, the team will go to school at night twice a week and those who do not know the right answers will get a little extra instruction. (Sample true-false question: "With a pitcher working against you who has a reputation for being wild, it is advisable to try to play hit-and-run." Answer, false.)

Trainer Bill Buhler, the man who developed the "ice treatments" that have prolonged and helped the careers of Dodger pitchers, has individual hula hoops for the players, to improve coordination and agility, and seven Exer-Genies (pull-and-weight devices used by the Green Bay Packers and Dallas Cowboys, as well as the Gemini Astronauts), to develop the leg muscles and further avoid injuries.

Within the last two years the Dodgers have lost either through retirement or trade some of their most popular players—Koufax, Willis, Lou Johnson and Ron Perranoski. But they have added three men this year, and each represents a milestone. In Shortstop Zoilo Versalles and Pitcher Jim (Mudcat) Grant, both acquired from the Minnesota Twins,

the Dodgers have their first Latam regular since moving to Los Angeles as well as the first Negro pitcher since Don Newcombe. When they traded for Catcher Tom Haller last week it marked the first deal to be made between the Giants and Dodgers since Jackie Robinson was traded—but refused to report—to the Giants 12 years ago.

Jimmy Lefebvre, who was so good in 1965 and 1966 and so bad in 1967, best summed up the situation the other day after working out at Dodger Stadium. "I've lost 15 pounds since the end of last year," he said, "because Alston told me to do it. We've got a lot of work to do this spring in Vero to get back our pride, because people are testing it now. We must find again what Pee Wee Reese and Gil Hodges and Roy Campanella built up during all those years and the thing we had just two years ago—that feeling of wanting to be a Dodger more than anything else in the world and the feeling of win! win! win!"

Vero Beach could turn into a minor Devil's Island during the next six weeks, but when the Dodgers say they are going to work along different lines and have made as many changes as they have, baseball watches

END



Leaving crowded Dodger parking lot, pregame spectators head for pretraining exercises



Harry Edwards, prime mover of the boycott against the New York AC indoor meet, uses bullhorns alternately to excite and control afe crowd.

BOYCOTT NOW—BOYCOTT LATER?

In New York black demonstrators protested against a club track meet, while in Grenoble the International Olympic Committee, by readmitting South Africa, stimulated the proposed Olympic boycott

by PETE AXTHELM

Larry Livers, a hurdler from Oakland, walked through the swirling packet line toward one of the side entrances to the new Madison Square Garden. A cop glanced at his ticket and allowed him to cross the police line, a few pickets glared at him in sullen silence. Livers was one of a handful of Negroes who planned to compete in the New York Athletic Club's annual indoor meet—an event that was boycotted by many athletes, both black and white, because of the club's discriminatory membership practices. Near the door, at the end of his 3,000-mile trip to the meet, Livers met Ken Noel.

Noel is a former half-miler, a student with a master's degree in sociology, and the chief assistant to Professor Harry Edwards of San Jose State, leader of the movement that may produce a black boycott of the Olympic Games. In his own way Noel can be almost as dominant in a group as the 6' 8" Edwards. He looked at Livers and spoke slowly, with no anger or threat in his voice. "Brother, why would you want to go in there?"

Livers hesitated. "I wanted the plane trip to New York to see my family. And I wasn't really notified about the situation here."

Charlie Mays, quarter-miler for New York's Grand Street Boys, interrupted him, "Larry, you can't let the rest of us down by going in there." Noel nodded silently and waited. Finally Livers smiled, turned away from the door and went home.

There were a number of similar confrontations in the days leading up to the New York AC meet, and there will undoubtedly be many more in the months ahead. Black athletes will argue about when and if they should protest racial injustices, some of them will face difficult decisions about whether to compete in the Olympics. When Tommie Smith and Lee Evans joined Edwards in proposing an Olympic boycott last November, their chances of pulling it off appeared extremely remote. In the three months that followed, their cause seemed, if anything, to become even more hopeless. Last weekend this trend

was dramatically reversed by separate events 4,000 miles apart. A widespread Olympic boycott may still be no more than a distant possibility, but it is certainly possible—and it appears far more likely now than it ever did before.

In itself, the boycott of the NYAC meet hardly ranks as a turning point in the history of racial strife. The meet was the club's 100th and it was scheduled as track's debut in the new Garden, but it was still just one sports event in one city; it could have been quietly canceled without being missed very much outside New York. The threats of violence preceding the meet, blown far out of proportion, were unfortunate but not very important in the long run. And the issue at stake—the crusty old Irish-dominated club's refusal to admit Negroes and all but a few Jews into its hallowed dining rooms and steambaths—was almost irrelevant.

What was important, however, was the test of whether Edwards, Noel and their followers could organize an effective and nonviolent protest. The NYAC,



could not convince black Africans—or many black Americans—that the Olympic Committee had not cast a ringing vote for *apartheid*. Ethiopia and Algeria quickly announced their withdrawals from the Mexico City Games, and a number of other countries soon followed. Legally, the Olympic Committee could lean on a tradition of noninvolvement in nations' internal affairs; as long as the South African team was integrated, the IOC could overlook the fact that it would be selected in segregated trials based on a national law that forbids meets involving both blacks and whites. But the committee could not avoid an emotional reaction that might jeopardize the Olympic Games.

Whether the impact of entire nations' withdrawing from the Games will seriously affect the attitudes of black American athletes remains to be seen. Most of them have been solidly against Smith and Evans and their plan to use the Olympics as a platform to dramatize their grievances at home. But the South African ruling could transform the Olympics from a mere showcase into a real target. It certainly will if Edwards has anything to do with it. "This new issue will force the black man to fight," he insisted. "They've virtually said the hell with us. Now we'll have to reply: Let Whitey run his own Olympics."

Until Friday night there was reason to doubt whether Edwards and the other militant leaders could run their own boycott—without defections or violence. The movement to boycott the NYAC meet began smoothly about a month ago. As soon as Smith and Evans began talking about it, many athletes pledged their support for the idea. Negroes from the New York area, long familiar with NYAC policies, were among the first to join. The public and Catholic school athletic leagues soon pulled out, followed by entire teams—including many white runners—from Villanova, Georgetown and Manhattan. Other athletes, trying to avoid capturing team loyalties or offending old friends, came up with a variety of excuses not to enter. Earl McCullough had to speak at a banquet. O. J. Simpson couldn't "fit it into my training schedule." When faced with the decisions of Bob Seagren and other U.S. teammates to compete, O.J. shrugged and said, "I don't think Bob will cross a picket line. But if he does I hope he wins. As for me, I wouldn't run that weekend

if my mother was holding the meet."

As the meet approached, it became clear that the boycott would be widespread and the competition poor. Meet Director Ray Lumpkin patched together a field of predominantly white athletes bolstered only by a strong foreign contingent; this too fell through when the seven-man Russian team dropped out at the last minute, and West German star Bodo Tummker didn't show up. A few top-class Negroes like Jim Hines, John Thomas and Bob Beamon remained in the entries, but they would have detracted little from the impact of the boycott if they had been left alone.

Edwards wouldn't leave them alone. He openly threatened them with retaliation by "people back in their home towns," and injected a spontaneous protest with an unnecessary atmosphere of violence. He even invited H. Rap Brown to his premeet press conference, and Rap obliged by suggesting that the Garden be blown up. This was one occasion when such flamboyant and largely empty threats could only hurt the blacks. While hundreds of athletes were boycotting because of a principle they believed in, the NYAC's defenders in the press were able to focus on the few—like Hines and Thomas—who stayed away due to threats. Anonymous phone calls to athletes by militants not connected with Edwards added to the false impression that the NYAC was a victim of intimidation rather than its own practices.

The mood was tense and explosive as the pickets gathered outside the Garden early Friday evening. The mere mention of Rap Brown's name always attracts hordes of police; although Rap never did show up, the police did—in a body that sometimes outnumbered the pickets. Ken Noel provided the first dramatic moment of the evening by standing in front of a bus at one entrance, silently holding up the Olympic boycott poster that reads: RATHER THAN RUN AND JUMP FOR MEDALS, WE ARE STANDING UP FOR HUMANITY. WON'T YOU JOIN US? The bus driver, chauffeuring athletes from Holy Cross and Providence, was unmoved by the plea. Cursing soundlessly through the tinted-glass windshield, he inched the bus forward. Noel stood his ground as other demonstrators picked up one chant that was heard throughout the night: "Muhammad Ali is our champ."

Police huddled nearby to decide what

continued

intransigent and obtuse, provided a perfect target for any protest, club spokesmen hardly designed to comment as the boycott movement grew, and dismissed the undeniably lily-white makeup of the club as a right it had earned by many contributions to Negro youths through various track organizations. Edwards realized that the Olympics would present a much more complex and ambiguous target. Very few people can implicate the Olympics in any way with social injustice. Then, on the very day of the NYAC meet, Edwards picked up his *New York Times* and saw, in a banner headline above the story of his own boycott, the announcement that South Africa would be allowed back into the Olympics, ending a ban instituted in 1963 because of the nation's policies of racial discrimination.

"Where are all the people who say the Olympics should be above racism?" Edwards said. "Who can say the Olympics shouldn't be the target now? The committee has shown the black man just what it thinks of him. I think things will really begin to heat up."

Things heated up all over the world within hours after the International Olympic Committee, meeting in Grenoble, revealed the result of its secret-ballot vote by 71 members. The committee pointed out that South Africa had agreed to integrate its teams, a drastic measure for that country. But that concession



Bob Beamon, one of the few Negroes who competed at the NYAC meet, said he wanted the trip home to New York. Richmond Flowers, sympathetic to the boycotters, did not want to identify with Edwards, Rap Brown



to do. The chants grew louder but the crowd remained orderly. "I can't afford to get arrested this early in the night," Noel said. "Tell me when they come to get me." They never did come. The bus finally backed out of the driveway and headed for another entrance as the crowd cheered Noel. The runners from the bus were hustled through a side door into the Garden as the crowd followed, but no move was made to touch them. "It was a victory," said a kid near Noel, "and it didn't require any violence."

It set the tone for much of the evening. Threats and denegatory may be part of Edwards' routine, but violence was clearly not in his plans Friday night. He marched at the front of the crowd, towering over everyone and occasionally stopping to give speeches through a megaphone provided by police. Whenever things seemed likely to get out of control, he steered the group in another direction. "Follow Harry, follow Harry," people kept yelling. "Yeah," sighed a cop, half sarcastically but half out of relief, "please follow Harry."

Several times young marchers began screaming, "Let's go inside! Let's storm the damn place." Each time Edwards would give a brief speech that sounded properly militant to the kids but ended up saying, "Why get our heads busted to get in with a bunch of honks? We're here to keep the blacks out, not to go in and join the damn whites."

Inside, there was little to see. The crowd was announced as 15,925 based on ticket sales, but the number that showed up was closer to 13,000. "It's weird," said Mays, who used his participant ticket to sneak in for a quick look. "It doesn't feel like a real meet." Richmond Flowers, the Tennessee moderate who said he participated only because he didn't want to identify with Edwards and Rap Brown, added, "Any time you held a meet without Negroes, then the great ones aren't going to be there."

Nine Negroes competed and one other. Jim Dennis of the Houston Striders, was late for the 60-yard dash after being delayed by traffic and by the pickets. "I broke my glasses when I got shoved on the way in," he said. "It wasn't a punch or anything and I'm not sure it was intentional." The other Negroes were not bothered as they crossed the pocket line. Five of the Negroes were from the University of Texas at El Paso. "I asked each one if he wanted to come,"

said Coach Wayne Vandenburg, "and each one said yes. There was no pressure. I told them again tonight that they could back out and I'd never hold it against them." Beamon, who was obviously nervous and admitted he had come mainly for the free trip home to his family in New York, won the long jump. Frazetta Pierham in the girls' high jump and Lennox Miller in the sprint were the other Negro winners.

"I am not in favor of discrimination by the New York AC," said Miller, a Jamaican, "but I don't want to be dictated to by outsiders."

"Did it feel strange to be in an all-white dash field?" he was asked.

"Oh," he said with a slight smile, "I still had to run hard to win."

As the meet dragged on, Edwards called his supporters together outside for a final speech. "You people who want to go inside," he began, "you can go ahead and get your heads busted. But as for me, I think we should go up to Harlem and be with our brothers. The boycott has succeeded, the New York AC is dead. Why stay around here. There are no black brothers here."

"It's reported that there are 10 blacks inside," said a man next to him. Edwards put his hand over the bullhorn and snapped, "You tell them that—if you want to see the place burn."

Nothing turned out and only a few minor skirmishes marred a relatively peaceful demonstration. Edwards has a charisma that could probably keep any black crowd under his control. But the damaged feelings caused by this boycott will remain, and continue to incite tempers as the possibility of a far larger boycott draws near. "It's an insult," said Lennox Miller, "to be threatened by people who aren't even athletes."

"It's an insult," said Charlie Mays, "to watch Negroes go inside while we stand up for our rights. White guys like Richmond Flowers are my friends and I respect their decisions. But I can't forgive Miller or Beamon or the others."

"I really respect the guys who stayed out of the meet," said Flowers. "I only wish there were some way to moderate all this." He paused for a moment, as four all-white relay teams raced by on the track, before a subdued, predominantly white crowd and large blocks of empty seats. "I must admit," he said, "that I can't offer any solution. I just wish somebody would."

Just out: one of the most “private” documents ever mailed to 914,000 people

Statement of Financial Condition
December 31, 2007

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[illegible]

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1. *Staphylococcus aureus* (Gram positive)
 2. *Staphylococcus epidermidis* (Gram positive)
 3. *Staphylococcus saprophyticus* (Gram positive)
 4. *Staphylococcus carnosus* (Gram positive)
 5. *Staphylococcus sciuri* (Gram positive)
 6. *Staphylococcus hyicus* (Gram positive)
 7. *Staphylococcus pasteuri* (Gram positive)
 8. *Staphylococcus saprophylus* (Gram positive)
 9. *Staphylococcus saprophilus* (Gram positive)
 10. *Staphylococcus saprophilus* (Gram positive)

1

H. J. van den Broek et al.

- Limited Cashflow
- Money borrowed
- (Banks)
- Securitization and asset repackaging, home mortgages
- \$100 Billion securitized assets
- Issuance of new securities as a hedge
- Issuance of new securities
- Credit facilities
- Cash resources
- Increased foreign accounts
- Spreads in commodity markets
- Prices, sold into the market
- Other risks
- United States Government
- Tax
- Debt and interest payable
- Contingencies and other benefits
- Netted exposure and accounts payable
- Ending Federal and State income tax

TOTAL CURRENT LIABILITIES:

Food and Nutrition

1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 26

PTAL

...about the size of the Empire State Building, and the last part of the 22-year-old structure. These buildings

Year	2-year Average	10-year Average
1987	21,476,362	24,988,000
1988	17,420,000	18,143,000
1989	17,440,000	18,000,000
1990	1,200,000	1,640,000
1991	1,440,000	1,670,000
1992	730,000	940,000
1993	740,000	90,715
1994	817,000	71,243
1995	840,000	61,313

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	1967	1966	1965
Income from operations	\$389,443,058	\$287,441,030	\$237,515,730
Operating expenses	259,773,153	185,487,683	161,197,801
Income before employee participation and taxes	159,670,905	121,953,347	86,317,929
Employee participation in profits through cash and deferred Profit Sharing and Pension Plans	50,433,648	50,461,790	32,403,585
Income before Taxes	110,237,257	71,491,557	53,914,344
Federal and Local Taxes	27,878,804	23,009,548	18,000,000
NET INCOME	\$ 82,358,453	\$ 48,482,009	\$ 35,914,344

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'IF YOU LOVE ME TELL ME SO'

Hockey's North Stars have more—but quieter—fans than any other expansion team. Coach Wren Blair (opposite) is setting them a noisy example by **MARK MULVOY**



The oversized checkerboard coat indicated the man was not from St. Paul or Minneapolis. He was, in fact, a citizen of Thief River Falls, a community in the frozen woods of northern Minnesota. He had spent most of that Sunday getting wood in for the fireplace, planning an ice-fishing expedition, watching one of his sons play a Bantam League hockey game and, naturally, shoveling snow. Now it was Sunday evening, and in his center-ice seat in the Metropolitan Sports Center out in Bloomington, Minn. he waited for the Minnesota North Stars to appear for their pregame skate.

"Whadya wanta know my name for?" he asked hesitantly. "Oh, no particular reason," said his interrogator. "Well, I ain't gonna tell ya, how dya like that? You people down here around Minneapolis and St. Paul are all alike. You think that we're from the backwoods or something, don't ya? Friend, we're just like you—howdya like that? We don't wear your fancy suits, maybe, but we're hockey nuts, too—and don't you forget it."

It was less than 20 minutes before the start of the game between the North Stars and the Pittsburgh Penguins, but the man in the checkerboard coat was one of only 75 or 100 people inside the Met—as folks in the upper Midwest like to call the indoor sports center and the outdoor stadium alongside Route 494. Then it happened. From White Bear Lake and Golden Valley, Eden Prairie and Mahometti, Roseau and

Anoka, Mendota Heights and Mounds View, people in hooded parkas and heavy white sweaters with triangles on them, corduroy stay-press slacks over thermals and thick boots over woolen socks began to swarm past the ushers and rush for their seats, and before Referee Ron Wicks dropped the puck to start the game more than 12,000 hockey nuts were seated and obviously prepared to relish the next 2½ hours.

Since the North Stars were playing another expansion team that night, the crowd at the Met consisted mostly of 10½ hockey fans—the fellow next door who has to get up for work at 5:45 a.m., the lady in the battered old station wagon who makes daily house calls to pick up 10-year-olds for their Pony League teams' practice on some frozen pond. The theater-and-symphony set (the tea-and-crumpet crowd) rarely appears for games against teams called Penguins and Seals, but always arrives in splendor—double-breasted blazers over turtlenecks for the men, sprightly tweeds for the women—whenever the North Stars play an established team, such as the Canadiens or the Black Hawks. "I saw the Los Angeles Dodgers, or Kings, or whatever they call themselves once this season already, but never again," said a man wearing a Chesterfield coat. "I give those tickets to my friends now and go see a hockey game somewhere else around town."

The 10½ fans and the tea-and-crumpet set—"If you ask me, they're really

thousand-dollar millionaires with three or four mortgages and too many outstanding loans," says one backwoodsman—have made Minnesota the hockey capital of the U.S. during the last 10 years. Greater Boston used to have that title. However, hockey interest there has diminished during the last decade, because the majority of New England colleges now mostly recruit Canadian players for their teams, and New England youth consequently has switched to other sports. The University of Minnesota, though, recruits mostly Minnesotans. There are only two Canadians on this season's roster. The Gophers, nevertheless, almost always are championship contenders in the strong Western College Hockey Association, a league dominated by Canadian imports.

The Minnesota mood explains exactly why the North Stars are the most successful franchise in the expansion division of the National Hockey League. While the five other new teams had to lure and educate people who may not have known a hockey puck from a jai alai ball, the North Stars were blessed with a hockey-mad populace that simultaneously learned to walk and skate and believed that basketball was played by graffiti. The North Stars never have been in the lead, but they have made a strong thrust up to second place. (The Minnesota Muskies of the new American Basketball Association, on the other hand, have been in and out of first place—but attracted only 946 people for a



recent game at the Met, and their average crowd is only 2,500.) As they have all season long, the North Stars lead the West in attendance, averaging 11,205. Their season-ticket core of 6,000 fans is nearly 1,000 higher than the average attendance for Oakland—the only team with a serious attendance problem. (Pittsburgh and St. Louis, two clubs lacking strong fan support in the first half of the season, have seen their average-attendance figures rise to 7,100 and 8,000.)

Hockey interest in Minnesota is not confined to the North Stars. On any weekend from late November through the middle of March the hockey nut—someone like Dutch Del Monte, an old minor-leaguer who runs a saloon in the north end of St. Paul—is likely to see the North Stars play Thursday night, catch the University of Minnesota at home Friday night, scout the Bantams and Midgets Saturday morning, drive 200 miles Saturday afternoon to see St. Paul's Johnson High School play at Rouseau that night (even though the game is broadcast back to St. Paul), return to see a Peewee game Sunday afternoon and then dash to the Met for the North Stars' night game.

Dutch also runs a chartered bus service to the Met for the North Star games—\$3.60 for the ride and a seat—and a few times this year he has needed five 72-passenger buses to accommodate the mob.

Among the more dedicated hockey

enthusiasts are Bruce Tefander, an insurance man, and George Lyon, a stockbroker. Between them they recruited nearly every player on the University of Minnesota varsity hockey team this year. "I use the Sylvia Porter approach," said Tefander, who never played hockey himself. "I tell a boy that during his lifetime a college education will mean \$270,000 more to him than a high school diploma, remind him that he will be representing the state of Minnesota and then a year or so later—watch him play for the Gophers every weekend."

Just about everyone connected with the Minnesota Amateur Hockey Association is some type of hockey fanatic. The MAHA starts a 7-year-old boy in the Pony League, graduates him to the Peewees at 11, moves him to the Bantams at 13, then up to the Midgets at 15. Tommy Williams of Duluth, now with the Boston Bruins, is the MAHA's most illustrious graduate. The MAHA was organized in 1948 by, among others, Bob Ridder, one of the nine owners of the North Stars. Ridder attended Harvard, is a resident of St. Paul and manages his family's broadcasting interests when he is not coaching his own Bantam team, scouting the Peewees for next year's prospects and watching his 7-year-old son Chris play left wing for the Red and White team in the West St. Paul Pony League.

When a boy completes his MAHA program he generally plays for his local high school hockey team. For some rea-

son the State High School League prevents schools from scheduling more than 20 games—12 minutes to a period—each season. This, of course, restricts player development. So, to circumvent the rules, high school teams regularly play "controlled scrimmages" against other schools. According to Webster, scrimmages are not really games.

The eventual beneficiaries of all this hockey are the North Stars. They get an interested, educated fan, one who knows an offside from icing and that a puck hitting the post is not a goal, as some people at Madison Square Garden seem to believe. The spectator at the Met appreciates hockey more than the person who attends a game in Boston or Chicago or, for that matter, any other city in the U.S. Like fans at the Forum in Montreal or the Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto, he inspects a game intelligently, applauding a good defensive play, persistent and efficient fore-checking and accurate passing. He does not live merely to see a fight, as they do in Chicago and New York. A well-played 1-0 game with few penalties is as exciting to him as a 5-4 contest filled with fatality.

This unemotional attitude has drawn criticism from Wren Blair, the exorable general manager and coach of the North Stars (and the man who discovered Bobby Orr for the Bruins). One night Stan Mikita of the Black Hawks scored three goals to beat the North Stars at the Met, and the fans showered the ice with coins and hats and noisily cheered for five minutes. This adulation for an opposing player infuriated Blair, whose team was losing the game because Mikita had scored three goals. "The fans here may be hockey-oriented," said Blair, "but they need direction, and I'm going to give it to them. You don't go cheering the guy who's beating you. These people usually just sit up there in the stands, look at the game and say to each other, 'Gee, what a nice play.' That's not right. This game's got to be blood and thunder for the fans. Medical people will tell you it's not good to sit on your hands all the time and say nothing. You've got to let out."

continued

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NORTH STARS *continued*

once in a while. That's why I act like I do on the bench, jumping up on the dasher and shouting at the referees and waving my arms around. I don't like the word showmanship, but I guess that's what it is. These people are so quiet the place is like a morgue. So I've got to get the players up, or else the place will be like a public skating show."

When the league decided to expand, a few members of the Twin Cities' Establishment—Bob Ridder, Walter Bush, a top amateur hockey official who had been active in some minor league ventures in the area; Gordon Ritz, who owns a few television stations, and Bob McNulty, a contractor—met and agreed to apply for a franchise. Believing they needed a stronger organization, they recruited five more prominent and wealthy men from the Twin Cities. The nine were mostly Ivy Leaguers—Ridder from Harvard, Bush from Dartmouth, Ritz and four others from Yale. "We are not in this for a living," said Ridder. "The main thing about our group is that we all had hockey backgrounds—and we knew hockey would draw."

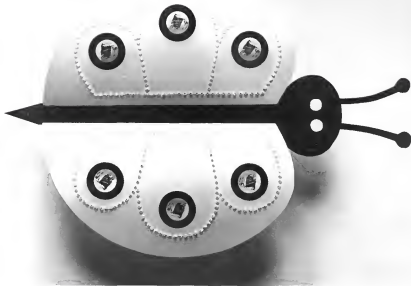
They spent \$6 million to build a 14,400-seat arena, one that lacks the pizzazz of Jack Kent Cooke's Forum near Los Angeles but is, nevertheless, completely functional. There are more parking spaces than seats and no poles obstructing the view. The owners then presented the Sports Center to the Stadium Commission, and the North Stars signed a 35-year lease to play in the Met. Assured a franchise, the owners hired Blair from the Boston organization in May 1966 to be their general manager. For a year he scouted hockey games nearly every night. "I would have to live with my draft decisions," he said, "so I had to do my homework pretty well."

Blair, 42, prepared himself for the job during 22 years spent as a hockey administrator. "There are some people in hockey who just dedicate themselves to coaching and administration," he said. "People like the Selkes and like Scotty Bowman in St. Louis. We study the game, the players, Gordie Howe is a great hockey player, but you cannot assume he knows as much about the game as we do. We are in show business. The general manager is the producer, the coach is the director and the players are the cast. People come up to us and say, 'Gee, you've never played

continued

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Stowe
VERMONT

up here. What do you know? Well, you've never seen a Zanuck on the screen, either."

Blair drafted shrewdly, balancing experienced players with young, untested kids. He also made a number of deals with the Canadians, who always have had the best minor league talent in hockey. These brought to the North Stars regulars Andre Boudrias, Mike McMahon and Dave Balon and also the rights to seven players on the Canadian Olympic team that played in Grenoble. At least three of those players are expected to turn professional almost immediately.

After the draft Wren hired John Muckler, a veteran minor league coach and general manager who had been working in the New York Rangers system, and it was expected that Muckler would coach the North Stars this year. But Blair decided to take the responsibility for the first year himself, having heard the players. He dispatched Muckler to Memphis, where he is coaching the Stars' top affiliate, the South Stars. Next year he probably will take over the coaching for Blair, who will continue to be general manager.

Under Blair the North Stars have become a fairly solid team, although with a weakness at center. Their strength is on the wings and on defense. The goaltending has been inconsistent.

The players have discovered that the upper Midwest is one of the better places to play hockey. "If it weren't for your military draft," said Bill Goldswoth, a 22-year-old wing selected from Boston, "I'd probably move down here for good. The wife and I were talking the other day about how nice everyone is around here. In Boston they used to boo and boo all the time, and once they got on you they never let up. They were on me all the time. Here they're quiet and let you alone most of the time."

When Dave Balon played for the Rangers he commuted almost three hours a day for practice sessions and paid high Long Island rents. When he played at Montreal he lived in a one-bedroom apartment that cost \$160 a month. "Here I live five minutes from the rink in a two-bedroom apartment for \$165 a month, and we save about \$100 a month in groceries," he said. "I'd like to stay here until I quit."

Then he could move to Thet River Falls and become a hockey nut. **END**

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Kiwi harness horses are soon handicapped out of contention. These overage destroyers, sold to U.S. horsemen, have now won \$3 million in purses here and more of them are on the way **by PAT RYAN**

NEW ZEALAND'S EQUINE GOLD MINE

Not long ago a San Francisco dentist and his wife were describing their travels to some fellow sightseers as their bus moved through the endless red dust of central Australia—the penchant of American tourists to visit places like Alice Springs being both inexplicable and unconquerable, LBJ notwithstanding. They were keen amateur anthropologists, the dentist explained, and were taking a year's vacation to study tribal peoples. They had just come from New Zealand. "No, dear," his wife interrupted. "That wasn't New Zealand. It was New Guinea."

It is just that kind of muddle that a lot of Americans are apt to make of South Pacific geography, or at least they used to. But, as it was pointed out when this story was told with some amusement at a Christchurch, New Zealand race-track a few days later, the dentist was obviously no sportsman. American sportsmen know where New Zealand is because of such Kiwi prides as Edmund Hillary, Peter Soell, Denis Hulme and Bob Charles, to say nothing of its champion rowing team and famed All-Black Rugby stars. "And your horsemen," said a fine sheep-farming type standing there all in tweeds. "They seem to have found us in the last few years." If his voice and smile suggested that somebody was getting fleeced, it can be pardoned. The unloading onto rich Americans, who pay fancy prices, of what in the view of New Zealanders are useless naps, is one of the most interesting export operations in all the history of sport—and a profitable one for those concerned. What it comes down to is that numbers of New Zealand's sturdy harness horses have come off the country tracks and the \$900-purse

circuit to make small fortunes in the U.S. In the past three years they have won more than \$3.5 million in American prize money and, as a result, last year alone \$2.8 million worth of these horses were sold to American buyers.

The success of New Zealand racing stock can be attributed to the very nature of the country from which it comes. A rugged and beautiful island domain of 2½ million people, 1,200 miles to the east of Australia, New Zealand was charted by Captain James Cook in 1769. There is a couplet in a 19th-century poem about the captain that goes:

No virgin lands he left unknown,

Where future England might be won.

The first settlers in New Zealand took their mission of sowing a future England literally, too literally, as things developed, for they planted gorse and bracken and blackberry bramble that they had brought from Gravesend, and these plants were so at home they became the plagues of New Zealand farmers—and still are today.

The country, because of its isolated position and its geological origins, had remarkably little fauna when the British arrived. The Polynesians who first discovered its two main islands found flightless birds, bats, lizards, frogs and a small blue mouse that still lives in New Zealand's forests. Captain Cook and his men introduced pigs. The Maori natives made slight distinction between the two new arrivals. They called the men "long pigs," and the long and the short of it was that they considered both species delectable. It was not until some time later that their tastes became more civilized.

The British settlers, who arrived in the 1840s, were hand-picked to establish

a model colony. Their boat was a kind of Noah's Ark, carrying the butcher, the baker, the candlestickmaker, as well as an assortment of birds, animals and seeds—sheep, sparrows, gorse, broom. The English oaks and poplars that these early colonists planted still stand in careful lines across the country, giving New Zealand a strangely planned appearance. Later, Japanese deer, Himalayan mountain goats, Atlantic salmon and American rainbow trout were imported.

This careful selection and introduction of foreign species continues. A few years ago the New Zealand wildlife service conducted experiments on the eating habits of rainbow trout. When fed on imported smelts, the trout grew 1½ inches each month, or three inches more a year than the rainbows eating the standard New Zealand river diet. So tons of smelts were brought in and released, and New Zealand trout are happier and healthier than ever.

Not all the country's best-laid plans have worked out in quite the manner they were conceived. For example, some of Captain Cook's pigs got loose in the hills, and their wild offspring now provide excellent bear hunting instead of ready pork chops.

The wealth of New Zealand is in its rich limestone land, its lush grass and mild climate. Camellia trees grow tall as oaks, and in the spring the country is a profusion of daffodils, wattle and calla lilies. A florist on Queen Street in Auckland will advise a tourist not to buy her carnations because they are "hothouse." The people, even in the cities, think in terms of the countryside. An urban and affluent housewife will explain that she keeps a "pig barrel," a large garbage can that is taken to her

continued



UNDER STANLEY DANCER'S WHIP, CARDIGAN BAY WINS 1965 NATIONAL PACING DERBY

son's farm on the weekend to provide two days of food for his sows. New Zealand has, in sum, a history of careful design and self-sufficiency, a rural philosophy, a firm hold on the Protestant ethic that hard work is its own reward and no use for pampering, either of people or of horses.

U.S. horsemen, like U.S. dentists, did not know New Zealand from New Guinea until a lean-looking pacer named Cardigan Bay showed up at Yonkers Raceway four years ago and began feasting on U.S. champions. His achievements were prodigious, and the more horsemen considered his background, the more they began to think Cardigan Bay was no freak and that there might be others where he came from. That was when strangers with stopwatches began turning up at small New Zealand tracks. Since 1964 some 200 of these harness horses have been imported. Last year 65 of them were racing at New York tracks.

One irony of this import-export business is that these New Zealand pacers are the offspring of humdrum American stallions that were traded to the South Pacific for two bits and a bottle of rum. Cardigan Bay, for instance, is 93 and 7/8ths percent American. His sire,

Hal Tryax, raced with little distinction on the U.S. Grand Circuit in the 1950s. He won 25 races, earned \$36,000 and was sold to New Zealand for \$7,000. For the past 20 years, the leading Standardbred stallion in New Zealand has been an American horse. There are 27 of them now at stud there, and it is doubtful that any of them cost their New Zealand owners more than \$10,000. Several of these stallions never won a race, yet they are considered the country's prize bloodstock.

In this colonial world there is a mystique about imported things, whether they be bone china or the tired bones of an American pacer. And if, say, Hodgen's Surprise is not the household name that Royal Worcester is, no matter, for Hodgen's comes well related if not well recommended. His New Zealand owner advertises him proudly as "a brother to Ohio's Horse of the Year in 1961," and that alone seems sufficient to establish his prestige. The chances are he will flourish, for all horses seem to in New Zealand, be they Standardbreds or Thoroughbreds. Eighty percent of the richest races, flat and harness, that are contested in Australia are won by New Zealand-breds. The last seven Australian Derby winners and seven of the last nine

Melbourne Cup winners came from New Zealand. Phar Lap, the legendary Australian horse, was actually raised in New Zealand, a fact that emotional Aussie horse-lovers prefer to forget. They stuffed Phar Lap when he died in 1932, and now he stands serenely in a Melbourne museum, not far from the Monnets. His heart is on display in Australia's Institute of Anatomy in Canberra. All New Zealand got back was Phar Lap's bones, which can be seen in a Wellington museum.

Horses in New Zealand receive tough, natural treatment and this explains their strength, stamina and success. They are stabled on farms, not at racetracks, and are turned out in pastures immediately after racing or training. A harness horseman may have a dirt course, two sulks wide, carved through his barley or wheat fields (there are 30 of these private tracks in the vicinity of Christchurch). Or, if he has no track, like Lester Clark, who trains the country's best trotter, Mighty Chief, he works his horse on country roads. Clark is a dairy farmer, and after he finishes the morning's milking he hatches Mighty Chief to a cart and goes out for a two- or three-hour jog. How far he goes and how long he takes depends, his daughter Janice says, on the number of neighbors he meets along the way.

There are 133 days of harness racing each year and some 1,700 horses in training, which means that a good many New Zealand pacers get old waiting for opportunities to compete. But this means, in turn, that they get an opportunity to develop. Two things show astonishing durability in New Zealand: cars and horses. Because the country has no steel industry and there is a 133% tax on automobiles, a 1949 model Chevrolet will sell for \$480. And that 1956 model horse, Cardigan Bay, cost his U.S. buyer, Stanley Dancer, \$100,000, although the pacer was an 8-year-old gelding at the time of his purchase. It turned out that Cardigan Bay had a good many miles and \$747,375 in winnings left in him. Part of the Cardigan Bay deal was that he would be returned to New Zealand "after his racing days are over or he has reached the age of 13, whichever shall come first." He is due to go back next year.

Cardigan Bay's continuing success has taught New Zealanders the value of their stock. They thought they were, to

put it bluntly, sticking the Yanks. They say there are only so many two-minute miles in a horse, and after Cardy went a mile in 1.56 $\frac{1}{2}$ one night at Wellington in a cold wind on a 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ -furlong track, they reasoned, not without cause, that he could never be the same horse again. Perhaps he has not been, but from the American viewpoint, he has been a steal. The majority of horses exported to the States since then have been good bargains, too. Take, for example, Great Reveller, a horse that New Zealand's chief handicapper, Tim Morton, says "would have had a hard time winning another race here." Since his arrival in the U.S. in 1962, he has won 33 races and \$81,000. Highland Glen was bought in New Zealand for \$600 and has won \$44,000. Oreti, a 9-year-old of which Morton says, "Only a very game man would have bought him for \$2,500," was sold to the U.S. and has earned \$97,000. The average winnings of New Zealand imports is \$30,000.

The majority of these horses were virtually useless in New Zealand, because the country has a rigid handicapping system by which a horse moves up into the next class after winning a race, but never can drop back down. Maidens are classed as 2-20 horses. A winner of one race is in the 2-19 category; a winner of two in the 2-18, and so on. The cup horses, those in Cardigan Bay's class, are handicapped at 2-10 and have all won at least 10 races. By the time they earn this ranking, they are 6 or 7 years old. The strict handicapping system—upward or out—is necessary, Morton says, because of the limited number of races and opportunities for horses to start. "When they reach the end of their ability, we want to see something new." (There is a human parallel to this seemingly stern method of limiting a career. The Bank of New Zealand dismisses all female employees when they marry, because, a bank official explains, "In the country's present economic conditions we have a duty to provide employment for girls leaving school rather than for married women.")

There is always "something new," because the country has more horses—one trainer says 25 times too many—than it can support. Meetings are held on Wednesdays and Saturdays and on an occasional holiday. A horse has a chance to race perhaps once a month, and then he may find himself in a field



AT DANCER 5 NEW JERSEY FARM: 12-YEAR-OLD CARDIGAN TRAINS FOR ANOTHER SEASON

with 18 other starters all racing flat out for the \$900 winner's purse. Once, several years ago, 41 horses started in one \$1,260 race at a country meeting.

To win five races in his career, a pacer must be considerably better than average. At the beginning of the current season, there were 71 pacers in New Zealand in the 2-15 class, that is to say, horses that had won five races. Of those, Handicapper Morton said five were certain to win more races; he thought 42 might win once, and the other 24, in his opinion, were not capable of winning again. It is this horse with no future that is exported. At home the horse is worth perhaps \$1,500, but his owner can get three times that from an American horseman. So the New Zealander happily sells. Even at \$5,000 the American has made a fine investment because of the numerous opportunities to race in the U.S., the larger purses and the less stringent handicapping categories. Past performance suggests that a horse in New Zealand which has won perhaps \$12,000 and seven races but is unable to win an eighth has the potential to earn more than \$100,000 in the U.S.

Ordinarily, a New Zealand pacer wins his first two races at country meetings, and only after he has shown considerable

ability does he compete at city raceways, such as Addington in Christchurch. Country racing, however, is hardly minor league. The turf courses are carefully groomed—some are used for Thoroughbred meetings as well—and if there is a flock of sheep in the infield, or the outfield, well, there is a flock at times at Addington, too. The sheep are New Zealand's best greenkeepers—there are quite a few country golf courses laid out in sheep pastures. It is not unusual for a Kelso or Bret Hanover to appear at one of these country courses. Last August the favorite for the Melbourne Cup, the Southern Hemisphere's richest and most prestigious Thoroughbred race, made his final appearance before being shipped to Australia at a small meeting 60 miles outside of Auckland. A sample of the advertisements carried in the racing program at such tracks shows just how rural they are. One program listed in succession these one-line ads:

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BACK A WINNER—WAHAROA BUTCHERY

Because of their off-course betting clientele, daily newspapers carry racing reports in astounding detail. The extent

continued

to which racing is covered can be gauged by this item, which appeared in the *New Zealand Herald*: "Surely Not, one of the most consistent mares in the lower North Island with one win and 23 placings from 46 starts, is in foal to the imported sire, Thurber Frost. Placed 13 times before she cleared maiden class, Surely Not is a 7-year-old by Garrison Hanover from Sally Walla. She is a sister to Sally Boy. . . ." Undoubtedly, a few horseplayers recognized the odd mare and were pleased to read about her impending confinement, but such news would hardly merit publication anywhere else in the world.

God Save the Queen is played at the start of each racing program, and there is a decorous Old World formality to harness meetings, but it is spiced by a little stout colonial drinking. Tankers, similar to those that deliver gas, transport beer to the tracks, and their thick hoses remain hooked to the bar all day. Women dress in regalia fitting for a garden party. They usually sit in groups apart from the men, having their flutters in feminine privacy.

The variety of racing conditions makes New Zealand horses quick to adjust to unfamiliar circumstances. Some courses

in the country are dirt, some grass, some right-handed, some left-handed, and they vary from four furlongs in circumference to 1½ miles. There is no standard distance, such as the mile in the U.S., and races may be contested from one mile to two miles. At certain tracks the horses seem to go round and round like an uncheckable carousel until officials ring a bell to signal the final lap. The crowded fields have produced what one driver calls a "gladiator style" of racing: "You can push a fellow out from the rail," Doug Watts from Christchurch explains, "as long as you do it in a very quiet manner." The horses learn to accelerate quickly, to take advantage of any opening, and during the course of a race they will be called upon to sprint several times. This quick-footed quality has made the New Zealand horse particularly adept in the shorter one-mile races in the U.S.

There is a stud in the South Island now experimenting with breeding horses solely for the American market. Forty of its mares will foal in February, March and April—which is springtime in the U.S. but autumn in New Zealand—in order to have a more advantageous birth date by American standards. The catch

in the plan is that the young animals will be subjected to winter weather four months after their birth, instead of growing naturally in the summer warmth. As things are, U.S. buyers have no complaints with New Zealand's present method of developing horses. True, they are not ready for the American market until they are 6 years old, but it is older horses that our trainers lack. Peter Wolfenden, who handled Cardigan Bay in New Zealand, says, "America is running out of horses. They are mass-produced there and quickly burned out. We are not concerned with making speed horses, and because of this our pacers are clean gated. They don't have to wear head poles, boots, straps or any of that gear that you have to put all over your animals."

Stanley Dancer, who has bought 12 New Zealand-breds since Cardigan Bay, explains, "Young American horses have so much to go for—in purses and prestige—that trainers can't pass these things up. Take Nevele Pride, my trotter who was Horse of the Year last season at 2. If he hadn't raced, he might never have earned that \$222,923 or have established his stud value. But an American horse is finished at 3, 4 or 5 years old. The New Zealand horses last until they are 8 or 9 or older, because the horsemen down there don't do much with horses while they are young and their legs have a chance to set."

The growth rate of New Zealand's horse-export industry has been phenomenal. In 1965, the year after Cardigan Bay began racing in the U.S., there were 1,150 New Zealand foals born. In 1966 there were 1,350 and in 1967 some 1,600. John Rowley, secretary of the New Zealand Trotting Conference, attributes the increase entirely to Cardigan Bay and the resulting surge of American buying.

There is no indication that American interest in New Zealand horses is slackening. If anything, the opposite is true. At least three and possibly more of the horses entered in this month's Inter-Domestic Championships—the biggest event for Australian and New Zealand pacers—will come to the U.S. There is one horse in that field, however, that the Americans have not been able to buy, borrow, buy or steal. His name is Lordship. Five years ago he was Cardigan Bay's chief rival, and he is still going strong. Yonkers Raceway has not



BEFORE RACING AT NEW ZEALAND'S ADDINGTON TRACK PACERS PARADE FOR BETTORS

even been able to lure Lordship to the U.S. for its flashy International series, and after years of trying has given up hope. It was in 1964 that Yonkers President Martin Tananbaum first approached Mrs. Dora Nyhan, the horse's owner. "We're not interested," Mrs. Nyhan told him. Lordship kept racing in \$3,500 events and kept winning. Tananbaum came back the next year with a better deal. No success. Then the track's publicity man, Irving Rudd, heard there was a policeman at Yonkers who was a nephew of an Irish priest who just happened to be in Mrs. Nyhan's parish in Christchurch. "These people don't care about money; it doesn't impress them," Rudd says. "So we talked to the policeman, and he put us in touch with the priest." On their next trip to New Zealand, Tananbaum and Rudd found themselves invited to the Nyhan house. "There was tea and the scones," Rudd recalls, "but still she said no." The fourth year that Tananbaum and Rudd went to New Zealand, they found Mrs. Nyhan cooling out Lordship after he had raced at a small town in the south. "There she was, all done up in a smart print dress, hot-walking the horse," Rudd recalls. "So I said to Marty, 'Look, we've got connections. Why don't we offer her a round-the-world trip? We know people—I think we can swing an audience with the Pope.' So Marty says to me, 'O.K., go take a shot at her.' Well, I walk three miles with her and her Lordship. Up the lane, down the lane. Me and her and the horse. Finally I say to her, 'Look, Dora, you can go to Paris and buy 16 gallons of perfume, and then you go to Rome, and that's no small potatoes.' You know, she got a real apple in her throat, and she was down on one knee for the count. She thinks about it for a while, and she looks at the horse and she looks back at me, and you know what she said? 'But, Irving, after we left New York and we went to Paris, who would look after my wee one?'"

So Lordship will not even visit the U.S., and that fellow who started it all, Cardigan Bay, will be going home at the end of next year. But the men with the stopwatches and the cash are still flying down to New Zealand and snapping up those sturdy leftovers that are not good enough for Auckland, but look fine coming down the stretch at Roosevelt or Liberty Bell.

END

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PEOPLE

Wrestler **Nate Thurmond** and Jockey **Willie Shoemaker** (below), 6' 11" and 4' 11" respectively, made an eye-catching couple at the Academy of Professional Sports awards presentations recently. Thurmond is recovering from a knee injury, Shoemaker from a broken thighbone, and the caption accompanying the photograph reads: "Sport Stars Exchange Sympathy." So what else could they exchange? Crutches?

A lot of bad basketball has been played lately, but some has been for a good cause. The Washington Senators played a charity game against the Redskins, for example, and spectators got to see Redskin Defensive End **Carl Kamasz** performing in shabby, low-cut, blue sneakers and failing to score. Guard **Vince**

Promuto taking out Pitcher **Dick Lings** with a perfect block, and **Frank Howard**, a 6' 7" outfielder who should have known better since he used to be an Ohio State basketball star, being caught twice for goaltending. But none of this bumbling was as rumorous as **Ed Allison's** recent performance in Nevada. Allison is Governor **Paul Laxalt's** press secretary. As such he is supposed to be improving the administration's public image, but he didn't do much for his own in a Carson City Basketball League game in which he committed three technical fouls in less than 10 seconds. Not only did Allison's performance set a league record, it got him thrown out, with no substitute available, and his four tired teammates lost the game by five points. It will take Allison a while to live that down, and it may take even longer to live down the fact that when the referee waved him off the court, the official pointed imperiously to the ladies' dressing room.

In the Andy Williams-San Diego Open Invitational, **Dean Oliver**, seven times the roping champion of the cowboy circuit, was paired with **Babe Hickey** and shot in the 70s both days. Oliver is 38 years old and has been playing for only two years. "He's the best three-handicap, two-year golfer I ever played with," Hickey says. "Nobody should make it look that easy." Roping and tying steers is tough, but Oliver finds golf more difficult in one respect. "Golfers don't have as much margin for error as cowboys," he observes. That may be, but few golfers have ever been trampled by an irritated steer as the penalty for missing a putt.

There seems to have been considerable confusion in New York's New Theater the night boxer **José Torres** dropped by to see *Scuba Duba*. First of all, Torres reports, a member of



the audience (white) took exception to the playwright's dramatic use of the word "spade" and rose from his orchestra seat to shout, "The word is Negro, it's Negro." Then at intermission two other men (white) created a stir in the lobby. The older and smaller of the two was complaining about the language in the play, repeating some of it to emphasize his point, and the younger and larger man asked him to stop cursing in front of his, the younger man's, wife. He followed up the request with a punch in the nose. Whereupon Torres broke it up, under the misapprehension that a friend was involved. Torres was attending *Scuba Duba* with the playwright, whose name he could not remember a few days later (it is **Bruce Jay Friedman**, José) but he did recall that the playwright said, with considerable satisfaction, "It was nice it all happened when I was there."

On April 6 Miss **Joan Johnson** and Heavyweight **Buster Mathis** (above) plan to be married in Grand Rapids, Mich. Boxer Mathis looks like a formidable matrimonial partner, but he doesn't sound like as much of a challenge as newlywed **Frank Bertalan** of the Washington Sen-

ators. Asked whether marriage will change his reputation as a swinger, Bertalan admitted, "It will take a little adjustment. When you're single and a ball-player, too, you're almost obligated to be, well, a wild guy. It's your place in life, I will continue to be something between a nice guy and an s.o.b."

A great new TV series begins next month, the Tabby commercials, starring **Betty Grable**, **Jane Russell**, **Cathy Stengel**, **Jack Dempsiey** and a lot of cats. Neither Stengel nor Dempsiey had done a cat commercial before, and an ad executive reports that during the filming "Casey had an easy roughness and the cats responded." On the other hand, in Dempsiey's case, it was the cat that had the easy roughness and Dempsiey who responded. The cat tugged at his hair until the champ said sternly, "Are you going to behave or am I going to have to belt you one?" When it was all over Casey complimented the animals—"A great bunch of cats, except none of 'em can go to their left!"—and the adman complimented the sportsmen, calling them "professional, in a wonderful, awkward way." They've been saying that about Casey for years.





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KEN ZISKIN, CHEERING A TEAMMATE, EARNED THREE BIG POINTS TO CLINCH USC VICTORY

Only a little old dual meet

Ordinarily, two-team competition is thought to be merely preparation for the NCAA, but when USC and Stanford meet head on—watch out!

Try throwing a gauntlet into a swimming pool and see what happens. It sinks, right? But not at Southern California. USC Swim Coach Peter Daland has tossed down the gauntlet 98 times in dual meets over the past 11 years and hasn't lost once. Add five NCAA championships and eight AAU titles, and it makes a clear picture of USC invincibility. Almost. Last week Stanford came to Los Angeles to take on the USC swimmers, and the preparations took on crisis proportions. The fear of Stanford stemmed from events of a year ago when the Indians met the Trojans in Palo Alto and—wonder of wonders—tied the Southern Californians to impose the only blemish on that 11-year record. Then, five weeks later, Stanford won the NCAA championships, beating

USC by 15 fat points. Now Stanford was back in the pool again, pecking up Pete Daland's gauntlet, with a husky young squad that was almost intact from the year before. The Indians boasted two Olympians and six who had won or shared national titles. Their individual times generally were better than the Trojans' and they were desperately eager to show everyone just which end of California was the swimming world's capital.

Well, the NCAA title may still end up in Stanford's trophy case next month, but in the matter of dual meets—no change. The Indians thrashed and heaved and bled from the eyeballs and chased USC right down to the next-to-last event before expiring, but when the Trojans' Ken Ziskin won second place and three *coup de grâce* points in the 200-yard

breaststroke, the sigh of relief in Southern California nearly cleared the Los Angeles area of auto fumes.

It might be stretching a point to say that USC and Stanford both started prepping for this meet right after last year's tie but they were certainly thinking about it, and early last week both teams were thinking about it full time. Until then they ostensibly had been involved in dogged, persistent season-long preparation for the NCAA championships. Stanford Coach Jim Gaughran, for instance, had had his sprinters chugging right along with his distance swimmers, 7,000 yards a day, for two-thirds of the season. What comes from that is a whole slew of ordinary times and tough, durable bodies that can conservably swim to Hawaii and back without breathing hard. It is Gaughran's theory that records are as mystical as they are physical, and the way to get those records is to build mind and body slowly and steadily. Then, when the time comes for the big effort at the NCAA and AAU meets, it is less a swim than it is an explosion. Daland at USC goes at it much the same way. A dual meet is, theoretically, just a whistle stop on the main line.

But the emotion for this dual meet was running too high for that ordinary approach. Last week Stanford's sprinters were cutting down on their marathon swims and working on pure speed, refining their turns and starts and generally getting themselves in a fidgety state more commonly seen on the eve of an Olympic race. But, practically speaking, Stanford was in a better position last year to end USC's unbeaten streak than this time. First off, Southern California was much stronger and deeper than in 1967, and Stanford had been having the worst kind of luck. Last summer Mike Wall and Dick Roth, both Olympic heroes in 1964, and Pete Suert, who made up three-quarters of Stanford's record-breaking 800-yard freestyle relay team, came down with typhoid fever. It ruined their summer season and set them back appreciably in their march toward world domination. Then Greg Buckingham, the man who anchored that relay team, was an All-America in six events, set three NCAA records and personally picked up 33 points in the championships, was declared to have used up his college eligibility because of earlier frolicking in a junior college pool.

For a while it looked as though Gaughran's luck had turned. Late in 1967 the NCAA decided that freshmen would be allowed to compete with the varsity. There are all kinds of freshmen, but Stanford's probably are the most spectacular bunch ever to come marching on to anyone's campus—including a world record holder, an AAU champion and no less than 12 prep school All-Americans. Even better, the young rascals were best where Gaughran needed them most—in the distance events. Suddenly Gaughran had the depth he needed to contend with USC's army of swimmers. And then suddenly he didn't. The Pacific Eight schools decided that freshmen could not swim for the varsity no matter what the NCAA ruled.

So Gaughran was stuck with what he had, which was fine as far as it went. But Stanford's ranks were thin and its best swimmers not only would have to go against that endless line of talent that USC seems to come up with year after year, but some would have to triple up. After two grueling races the last person you want to see up there on the starting blocks next to you is a fresh young face.

So the key to Gaughran's battle plan was the first event—the 400-yard medley relay, seven points to the winner, none to the loser. "We have to go for it," he said. "If they put seven quick ones up on the board, the squeeze is on the rest of the way." Gaughran stacked his team with the best he had. Siebert would lead off in the backstroke. The opposition obviously would be Mark Mader, and the USC backstroke is not only the longest in the world (6' 9"), he is probably the fastest. Siebert had no chance of beating Mader, but he had to stay within a second of the USC super tank. Then Bob Morsen, the Stanford captain and a fiery sort who brings so much emotion to his events that form charts get soggy, and Luis Nicolao, the Argentinean who held the record in the 100-meter butterfly until last year, hopefully would make up what was lost in the first leg and then some. After that Stanford's hopes would rest with anchor man Morgan Manning, who would have to hold off SC's Donald Havens, one of the fastest sprinters around when he puts his mind to it. Thanks a lot.

Down in Los Angeles, Daland was going through the same mental contortions, except that the USC coach never goes at it in quite the same way as any-



USC'S DALAND: PLENTY OF POSSIBILITIES

one else. "Here's what they'll probably do," Daland will say, "only they will probably think that we'll think that that is what they are thinking, if you follow me. So, if they sneak Roth in here [he draws an X on one of the ten or so charts he has at the ready] we'll spring Mader on them here [another X on the chart] and hope they'll try to stay with us. But if they think that we think we're going to finesse the 200 medley, then they'll pull a sneaky [a red X for a sneaky], but if Roth is still woozy from last summer..."

Of the five trillion possible combinations, Daland had considered all five trillion—and one more. If USC lost, he had this straight razor slashed away. It did seem an extreme precaution because USC was ready. USC is always up for a meet. The Trojan team that eventually suffers defeat and breaks the unbeaten string will voluntarily dive to the bottom of the pool and stay there until the following semester.

Despite a snub by the local papers, tickets were so hot for the meet that the USC pool, which seats about 200—10 comfortably—was obviously not the

answer. The action was shifted to the Beverly Hills High School gym, a very tricky place with a basketball court that slides out over the pool when the occasion calls for it and seats 1,200 either way. It still was not enough—and if a crowd of 1,200-plus doesn't sound overwhelming to you, it was like 85,000 baseball fans showing up for an exhibition game at Cooperstown.

And it turned out to be a disaster for Stanford, starting with splash one. USC's Mader got the jump on Siebert in the opening leg of the relay, which was expected, of course, but Morsen and Nicolao not only failed to make up the deficit on Ken Ziskin and Phil Houser, they increased it. That was it, and those seven quick ones Gaughran dreaded were up there staring him in the face.

Stanford kept struggling, getting improbable points here and heroic points there, but there was absolutely nothing they could do about USC's Greg Charlton, a sophomore who looks tall and frail but who is, in fact, tall and strong as a whale. Charlton is well on his way to being this year's version of Greg Buckingham, and if you are up against him in any freestyle race from 200 yards on up, go like hell and pray for three points for finishing second. The 200 and 500 were his in a breeze.

Even so, Stanford could have put the whole meet on the line in the final relay, except for a disaster in the 100-yard freestyle, in which Stanford should have had a one-two sweep and eight points to USC's one point for third place. But Morgan Manning, who was comfortably in second place (Ken Hammer was well in the lead) going into the last turn, thought he saw the end of the pool when what he actually saw was shadow. Manning ducked, turned and kicked out with everything he had and went exactly nowhere. Instead of an 8-1 point spread, Stanford had to settle for 3-4 and a measly one-point gain.

The only hope then was for Mike Wall to get a second in the 300 freestyle and for Morsen and Roth to sweep the 200-yard breaststroke. Wall got his second and Morsen won the breaststroke, but Roth was swimming for the third time, and only eight minutes after a rugged 200 backstroke. It was too much and USC's Ziskin was too fresh. If you're interested, there are still three or four tickets left for the 1969 Stanford-USC dual meet in Palo Alto.

END

How to lose your temper and win

Tom Weiskopf learns the one way to overcome his own angry outbursts

Let's take our hidden cameras and microphones and peck in on the Weiskopf's Jeanne, who was Miss Minnesota in 1965 and until two weeks ago at San Diego was the only thing Tom had won on the pro golf tour, is standing behind her ironing board pressing Tom's golf shirts and slacks. "Tom is the only pro who plays without wrinkles in his clothes," she says, imitating that average American housewife you see in television commercials. Tom, who has just completed a round in the Phoenix Open, is talking about his caddy, a young Arizona friend named Joe Porter who is one of the better amateur golfers in the Southwest. "Joe can nail the ball with anybody, even the pros on the tour," he says, "but every so often he misses a shot just a little and thinks it's a national catastrophe. He gets mad and explodes at himself, and because he's so steamed he misses the next four or five shots. Then he totally quits. Joe doesn't... humm, wait a minute. All that was me, too, wasn't it?"

Boy, was it ever, at least until last November when Weiskopf stared at himself in a mirror and said, more or less, "Weiskopf, wise up." That had always been his problem. There never had been any doubt that he could play golf. Weiskopf, who at 6'3" and 180 pounds looks like his one-iron and walks with his feet set at 10 minutes before 2, touched a set of golf clubs for the first time 10 years ago when he was 15. He shot a 92 at a course near his home in Bedford, Ohio. Three months later he was playing consistently in the mid 70s. Tom continued to work at golf, or, rather the idea of hitting a golf ball prodigious

distances, and a few years later he enrolled at Ohio State. Jack Nicklaus was a junior then and "the" name in amateur golf. The two played together frequently that year and although people around Columbus who watched their matches like to recall how the young freshman occasionally outdrove Nicklaus, it was always Nicklaus who won. Still, there was no question that Weiskopf would develop into a sound golfer if he could conquer his temper.

"It got pretty bad at times," he recalls. "Bob Kepler, my golf coach at Ohio State, once had rules put into the Big Ten that charged a player two strokes for throwing a club and two strokes for using profanity. One day he got me for both of them on one hole. I made a bad shot and threw my club somewhere. He saw me and penalized me right away. Then I said to him, 'Gawdammit, Coach,' and before I could finish he penalized me two more shots."

Weiskopf remained at Ohio State for only two years before he decided to turn professional in the summer of 1964. "I asked Nicklaus if he thought I could make it," Tom says. "He told me yes. He also advised me to try the tour with my own money and avoid a sponsor's hookup. So I signed with MacGregor/Brunswick, took the \$2,500 bonus they gave me and went out to play."

It is perhaps not surprising that young Weiskopf, a golfer with a temper, soon became friends on the tour with Tommy Bolt, whose ferocious disposition is legendary. It was a strange union. "Tommy taught me finesse. All the little things," says Tom. "I idolized him for the way he played his shots. The trouble was, the more I watched him and played with him, the more I began to pick up his attitude, too."

This attitude plagued Weiskopf most of his first three years on the tour. He earned almost \$90,000 during that period, but he never won. And when he had a chance to win he invariably quit. "At Vancouver in 1966, I was five under par after 14 holes the first day and led the field by four shots," Weiskopf said. "Then on the 15th tee someone clicked a camera and I became all flustered. Instead of having the sense to step away from the ball, I got all mad and tried to kill it. I bogeyed the hole, double bogeyed the next, and by the 18th hole I was so mad that I even backhanded the ball down the fairway. I fin-

ished even par for the day. I had lost my composure completely. At that time I was having stomach troubles, too—I had the start of an ulcer and had to stay on a bland diet for about six months—so I withdrew."

Similar blowups occurred regularly, and several times Tom threatened to leave the tour. "The easiest excuse for your temper is to give up and blame it on 'this course' or 'these fairways' or 'this town,'" he says. A year ago he quit on himself at the Phoenix Open and told people he was returning to Ohio. "We were out on the highway for a few hours," says Jeanne, "and then we came to the place where the road went right for Florida and the next tournament or straight ahead for Ohio. We went right. But all the way Tom kept saying, 'I can't play with these guys, I can't play with these guys.' I had heard it before, though, and wasn't really worried."

All this time Tom's closest friends on the tour, R. H. Sikes, Bert Yancey, Frank Beard and later Deane Beman—worked to convince him that golf is not a life-and-death matter. "We play 40 tournaments a year—that's 160 rounds of golf, 70 shots a round," says Beard. "Tom-



WEISKOPF WAVES HIS PAST GOODBYE

my used to think he should hit every shot down the flagstick, and when he didn't he'd lose his temper. It's impossible to hit every shot perfectly."

Weiskopf realized a change of attitude was necessary or else he might become just another player on the tour. Fortunately, an incident last November helped. Tom was teamed with Tommy Bolt at the Haig Scotch Foursome in California. The two argued constantly over shots, when suddenly Bolt, who was playing miserably, withdrew before the final round—disqualifying their team. "I had learned a lot already," Tom said, "but that did it."

So Tom began to study what the better players on the tour did to win. He was playing a practice round at Pebble Beach with Nicklaus one day last month when Jack suddenly asked him, "How far do you think you are from the green?" Tom shrugged and answered, "Oh, around 175, I guess." Nicklaus checked his annotated scorecard, frowned and looked back at Tommy. "He didn't say anything, but I got the message," Weiskopf says. "Jack had told me a long time ago to keep yardages and markers, but I never did."

This proved an almost immediate help just four weeks later at the Andy Williams-San Diego Open. Tom was tied for the lead as he walked to his tee shot on the par-5 18th hole. "I looked to the green and felt it was a four-iron," he said. "But I had the course measured exactly, and I knew from where my ball was that it was 198 yards to carry the bunker in front of the pin and 205 yards to the middle of the green. That meant hitting a smooth three-iron." He did. He nipped the ball to the fringe, 25 feet from the hole, and made the putt for an eagle 3 and his first victory.

Studying the top players also helped convince Weiskopf that he must subdue his temper to win. "They all get mad, you can see it," Tom says, "but they have so much pride they won't display anger after a missed shot the way I used to."

New golf is a different game for both Weiskopfs. Jeanne walks every hole Tom plays, ready to remind him at the sign of an outburst. "Don't be another Tommy Bolt and quit." And Tom keeps his cool. "If I play well but shoot 73, then I figure it's just one of those days and forget it. I think I've finally matured."

END

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Guide Division

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Curtis Lives!

The driver of the stock car crashing here is legendary Curtis Turner, racer, party thrower, 'shine hauler, flyer extraordinary. Unhurt, he resumed an implausible life

BY KIM CHAPIN

CONTINUED

By Pops' standards, it was a small party. Not like 10 years ago when he and Joe Weatherly had their Party Pad at Daytona Beach in the green-frame house near the sea—the place where moonlighting bartenders from a restaurant across the street served until dawn and the bill during Daytona's speed weeks sometimes ran to \$5,000 and Little Joe used a fire extinguisher to serve drinks into flower vases ("That way you don't have to pit so often," he would say). It was not in the same class with any Christmas season at Pops' house in Roanoke, where selected people traditionally arrive the day after Christmas and stay through New Year's Day. Still, the affair last fall in Pops' Charlotte lodgings was impressive enough. When the Charlotte Speedway closed after practice on Friday, two days before the annual National 500-mile stock-car race, mechanics and drivers, friends of Pops, hangers-on and friends of hangers-on, who were attracted like gnats to the noise and lights of the rambling ranch house set on 14 acres of rough Carolina earth at 4000 Freedom Drive, started coming just about the time the red-dust Carolina sun was giving up for the day.

A small party: 250 or 300 people. Like Fred Lorenzen, the first and best of the cuffed button-down stockers; Mario Andretti, the best of the button-down Indy drivers; the young hot-shoes Bobby Allison, Cale Yarborough and Buddy Baker; and the ghosts of Little Joe and Fireball Roberts and Bob Flock—remembrances of another era: time past, time present and a good time for all.

Some came for Pops' bonded whiskey and some stuff that maybe wasn't bonded. Others came for dancing or lie swapping and moved on from the house to the jukebox on the patio that blared country & western and, as a concession to the age, the Temptations and the Supremes. But most came for the legend: Pops . . . Curtis Morton Turner (*see cover*) . . . Ol' Leadfoot, age 43, height 6' 2", weight 198 pounds, 357 wins, up there with the alltime best, who, unlike most legends, does not diminish upon actual confrontation, even in his own bar under fluorescent lights that make

shirts and teeth stand out in a purple-white glow and bathe the pop-art bar girls on the wall behind the bar and the three sumptuous nudes on the opposite wall. Pops sits on a barstool that is balanced on two legs, with his back against the wall, looking down at the slight roll that is developing on his scrunched-up stomach.

"Gawdamn," says Pops. "Gawdamn, where did that come from? I ain't never seen that before. Looks like its full of air, like I ought to be able to cut it open and let the air out."

He is undiminished even without the Stetson that usually covers the brown shock of hair and without the dark sunglasses that hide the eyes of a man who has lived two or three lifetimes in one.

Pops does not disappoint the legend seekers. Around 11 he comes out, a gentle bear of a man, comes out on the patio and sees his doll baby, a cute, perk-nosed brunette, and kisses her gently on the forehead, and somebody shouts, "Pops, the booze is gone."

Pops turns away from his doll baby and says, "Don't worry 'bout nothin'." Pops doesn't talk from his throat; he talks from his gut, with the growl of the Appalachian hills and the trails of Thunder Road. "Don't worry 'bout nothin'." "Nother party's startin' 'bout 15 minutes." And sure enough it does, right on until the cops come by and suggest that maybe 5 in the morning is late for so much noise.

"Gawdamn," says Pops after the cops leave. "That 'bout makes me mad." And so in a few minutes, where but one jukebox was screaming to the bleary-eyed sun now rising, there are two. At 7 the last of the legend seekers, satisfied, leave for their motels for an hour's sleep before the track opens again.

Later, maybe in the bar again, or a restaurant, or just driving through the Carolina hills, Pops talks quietly with the people who know him best. Johnny Griffin is a friend and business associate of Turner's, Bunk Moore is a former moonshine transporter and dirt-track driver.

"Pops didn't get his nickname 'cause he's a father or nothin' like that," said

Griffin. "He got it 'cause of the way he used to bump other cars—pop 'em—on the racetrack, especially on the dirt."

"Hell, yes," said Bunk. "That really separates the men from the boys, runnin' in that mud and around them pot-holes. That ol' groove changes every lap. The first time ol' Freddy Lorenzen run at Concord he went into them turns and just kept goin' straight. He got lapped in 18 laps and never did come back. Lawd, was he embarrassed. Ned Jarrett, when he retired and took to mangan' Hickory, he paved it 'cause he couldn't drive dirt and his crowds went from six, seven thousand to eighteen hundred just like that."

"Anybody can drive Daytona if they've got enough nerve," Pops said. "On asphalt you can drive with two fingers, it's always the same. On asphalt, turn the wheel left just slightly and drift a little. On dirt, then you gotta snap left to break the rear end loose, then sharp right into a reverse lock and plow through them turns."

"Yeah," Bunk said. "And keep them rear wheels always diggin'. But it ain't never the same two times around."

It was no accident that Turner's last two wins came at the Lakewood Speedway, a well-carved, one-mile dirt track in Atlanta which, after a 15-year shut-down, was successfully revived last summer, thanks mainly to the presence of Turner. In a three-week period he won two races in modified stock cars (common cousins of the factory-backed Grand National racers) and, when the third was rained out, he and his doll baby just got in his little Chevelle and slipped and slid around in the mud for the fun of it, Curtis wearing the Stetson and the shades and a big happy grin.

Carolians tell the story of an incident at Lakewood shortly after World War II, when southern stock-car racing was making the painful transition from informal races in worn-out cornfields to what is now the high-banked, high-speed NASCAR circuit. In the late '40s it was not uncommon for drivers to transport a load of moonshine into Atlanta, or other cities at the delivery end of Thunder Road, on Friday, race on the week-

end, load up with sugar for the stills on Monday and head for the hills. Near the end of a Lakewood race one afternoon, the first-place driver, who had dropped his 'shine and was ready to load up his sugar, suddenly got a series of frantic but puzzling signals from his pit crew. Finally, as the low sun cast flickering shadows through the red-clay dust rising from the rutted racecourse, he understood. The revenooers were waiting in the pits with an arrest warrant. A few laps later he took the checkered flag and kept on going—around the first turn, around the second and right through the wooden guardrail on the third, onto a backwoods road and safety. Depending on the storyteller, the driver was Junior Johnson, Robert Mitchell or Curtis Turner.

A little laugh rumbled up to Pops' throat. "Naaw, that wadn't me. That was ol' Bob Flock. But we all started that way—Speedy Thompson, Red Byron, Buck Baker and the Flocks, all three of 'em."

Like them, Curtis had the heritage. He was born in 1924 on a small farm in Virginia, and his father, Morton, was one of the biggest moonshine operators in Floyd County—manufacturing, transporting, the whole works.

"Daddy ran it and made it," Turner said. "He'd buy a whole boxcar load of Oldsmobiles—unload 'em right at the railroad siding—convert 'em and run 'em in caravan, five or six at a time. He figured somebody'd always get through."

"Daddy was kinda quiet, but his partner was a mean sonofabitch. One time they was makin' a run and got stopped at a roadblock and paid off the cops \$100 to let 'em keep goin'. Then they got back in the car and kept goin' down the road and everything was real quiet. Then daddy's partner got to fumin' and finally he said, 'Let's go back and get that hundred.' So they did, and tied the two cops under a bridge with their own handcuffs. Don't believe any of this stuff about how it was a game 'n' all, and how everybody was real nice to everybody. They was playin' for keeps and shootin' real bullets."

"You remember when your daddy

first knew you was goin' to be a race driver?" Johnny Griffin said. "You was about 8 or 9 and every time you'd ride with your daddy and see a car on the road in front of you, you'd say, 'Pass him, Daddy, pass him.'"

Turner was 10 when he made his first run. "I'd just learned to drive," he said. "Fact is, this was the first time I'd ever driven alone. I got in my daddy's car to go to the warehouse and get a load of liquor and had the people workin' for us at the warehouse load it up. I was drivin' along a dirt road, ol' nice country road. They'd closed the car up and put about 100 gallons of liquor in it and everything was goin' along all right, and comin' back up the road back to the house I come up behind a damned mailtruck and hell, I forgot which side I was supposed to pass on. So I went around him on the wrong side and run up a damned bank and wound up against a fence."

What he was learning on the back roads served him well just four years later. At 14 he dropped out of school and went to work in his father's sawmill, earning 10¢ an hour as a water boy; at 16, having learned to pass on the left, he was transporting liquor regularly at \$50 a keg, was making his own a year later, and by the time he was 18 had saved enough so that he owned three sawmills and several thousand dollars' worth of equipment.

"In the mountains you grow up in a hurry," said Johnny Griffin. "Eighteen's an old man."

And already he had picked up a precocious sort of business acumen. Other sawmills cut their timber and sold it immediately; Turner waited for the right price. "I cut so much and everybody was wonderin' how I could cut so much without sellin' and still meet the payroll," Turner said. "Well, I had to make runs every night to make the payroll, but damn, I did."

During World War II Turner served in the Navy and switched from running moonshine to running tires from the naval base at Norfolk back to his friends in the hills. After the war he went back to running moonshine but now he was

getting run, too. At the end of one trip he escaped a roadblock by making a 180° forward spin on a two-lane road—a technique which, if he didn't invent, he at least perfected as an occupational necessity—then turned on his "police" siren and red light to get past other cops coming up on him. But after he was home safe he found three bullets embedded in the gas tank of his '42 Ford coupe and a fourth in the back of the driver's seat.

He chuckled and smiled a bit. "My last run? It wadn't too long ago," he said. "Runnin' was a lot of fun. You enjoyed it. Aside from the money you made you felt like you got by with somethin' or accomplished somethin'. And usually you got run a time or two by the police. You get a feelin' after you haul a load of liquor similar to what you do when you win a race. That's the whole thing. Hell, that's where I got my practice. You have to run good, otherwise you get caught. Of course you always took the back roads, and the handlin' was just like a dirt track. Youngsters comin' on now have a harder time than we did 'cause they can't do that no more like we used to. You learn in a week at my drivin' school what you learn in a year on the racetrack."

The National School of Safe High Performance Driving—Curtis Turner, director—is a natural outgrowth of Turner's racing involvement and interest in business. A week's course costs \$500. Located at the Charlotte Motor Speedway, the school is designed for anybody whose job demands fast driving, like ambulance drivers and Turner's old friends, the police, prospective race drivers or just anybody who wants to learn how to handle a car at turnpike speeds or above and, in emergencies, spin a car with control and dexterity. The school is also a typical Turner venture, boldly begun, a money-loser now but with excellent prospects of being a success. A second school has opened at Phoenix, and a third is planned for Oklahoma City.

Turner's reason for the school is simple enough. "It's something I've always

continued

wanted to do," he said. "I just got an idea for it one day, and here it is." That, in essence, is how Turner's business mind works. He is quick and diverse, and if you give him a subject he'll throw all sorts of ideas on it back at you. In 1958, when the first satellites were streaking across the skies, Turner spent \$40,000 attempting to persuade government officials to let him develop a private satellite-communications system. A few years later, in other hands, the idea became TelStar. And once he tried very hard and very seriously to get permission to print advertising on the white margins of U.S. dollar bills, at a time when he happened to need \$25 million

In times of need Curtis has often turned to timber. "One day in 1950 I bought a mountain for \$30,000 and decided to put a road up into it, so I could develop the land," he said. "They told me I couldn't do it for less than \$20,000, but hell, I did it in 30 days for \$2,500. Just after that a man offered me \$85,000 for the whole thing. Easiest money I ever made. Right then and there I decided to get out of the sawmill business and into timber."

Since then he has sold two million acres of timberland, amounting to 6% of North Carolina's 31.4 million acres, and is now thinking of ways to buy virgin timber in Central America; always restless, threatening to retire from racing after every big timber deal, then going broke, then making another fortune and going broke again.

I don't really think I'd be happy if I wasn't in some sort of trouble, in timber, racin' or elsewhere. I've made several fortunes. I guess, even sared a little bit now and then, but it don't last long. It's just like drivin' a race or writin' a story or anything else, once somethin's done, it's over. It's behind you and you can't ever get it back. I get itchy and start lookin' for somethin' else. I got an overhead of about \$15,000 a month, and my auditors went over that one time and figured where I could cut that down to \$10,000 or so, but hell, man, that

\$5,000 or \$6,000 what I like to live on. Livin' ain't no fun unless you got that. Gayle Warren, one of my instructors, keeps tellin' me I've thrown away more money than most men make in a lifetime 'n' that if I make \$100,000 today it'll be gone tomorrow, and I guess he's about right. In the timber business you got a payday only once, twice a year, but Lord, it's a good one. \$50,000, \$100,000, \$200,000. But if you make \$25,000, you need \$50,000. If you make \$30,000, you need \$100,000. I always need more than I got, I never know where my money's comin' from next, but it always turns up. Maybe I could be a success in somethin' else, a broker or lawyer or somethin'. I put two corporations through the Securities and Exchange Commission. Even went respectable for a couple a years—operated a juke-box business—but it didn't last long. I got too restless. But timber's all I really know, and those damned trees have always come through for me. Satisfied? No, I'm never really satisfied. Are you? Oh, some things give you temporary satisfaction, and these are the things you can be proud of. The satellite thing—it was the first time on record a private citizen had ever thought of somethin' like that. President Kennedy stole it, and now it's TelStar. It cost me \$40,000. I'm proud of the Speedway, even though they kicked me out of it. It's mine and they can't ever take that away from me.

The years Turner took building his track, the Charlotte Speedway—a treacherous, 1½-mile banked, dogleg oval—and the subsequent bitter aftermath, were the most turbulent of his life. The location, 10 miles northeast of Charlotte on U.S. Highway 29, was logical, because the Carolinas in general and Charlotte in particular were the hub of stock-car racing. There were drivers, tracks and crowds long before anybody had heard of Daytona Beach, Atlanta, Riverside or any of the other recent interlopers, and Turner tackled the project in his own inimitable way. "I started buildin' a race-track," he said. "One day I was driving

down the road and just decided to build a racetrack. I hadn't planned it or anything. I had the piece of ground where the track is today, so I built it."

The financing of the \$2.3 million Speedway by Turner's group was borderline to begin with, but the original operation probably would have survived except for a faulty core-drill report. "I had the finances" worked out until we hit rock," he said. "The core-drill report said that it was boulders, so in the contract for movin' dirt I also got the boulders moved for 18¢ a yard. But instead of hittin' boulders we hit about half a million yards of solid granite. That cost a dollar a yard to move, plus the dynamite. Cost \$70,000 worth of dynamite just gettin' through the first turn, and whole thing cost a half a million dollars more than it should have."

To make good his various contracts, Turner scratched and clawed and pulled off a variety of business deals. He got huge loans from friends in the timber business, including one for \$350,000, borrowed \$50,000 from Champion Spark Plugs, and even bought a bank. It was a small bank, so small, in fact, that it could only loan a maximum of \$12,000 to an individual. Curtis loaned himself \$75,000. The auditors didn't find out about that until 18 months later.

Most of the loans were to meet the weekly payroll. Turner would sit down on Friday and write \$50,000 to \$75,000 worth of checks with absolutely no money in the bank, then spend Saturday and Sunday rounding up the money any way he could before the banks opened on Monday.

He was always just a little short. Two days before the track opened for practice for the first race—the World 600 on June 19, 1960—the dirt-removal contractor was still an unbeliever and demanded an immediate \$75,000 from Turner. To back up his demands he moved all of his heavy equipment out on the track in front of the paving machine, which had about 100 yards to go on the back straight, and threatened not to move it and plow up the track if Turner didn't pay. So, in the last vigilante action in Cabarrus County, N.C., Turner and a CMS director took shotgun and pistol

continued



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10-14-70, 10-21-70, 10-28-70, 11-4-70, 11-11-70, 11-18-70, 11-25-70, 12-2-70, 12-9-70, 12-16-70, 12-23-70, 12-30-70, 1-6-71, 1-13-71, 1-20-71, 1-27-71, 2-3-71, 2-10-71, 2-17-71, 2-24-71, 3-2-71, 3-9-71, 3-16-71, 3-23-71, 3-30-71, 4-6-71, 4-13-71, 4-20-71, 4-27-71, 5-4-71, 5-11-71, 5-18-71, 5-25-71, 6-1-71, 6-8-71, 6-15-71, 6-22-71, 6-29-71, 7-6-71, 7-13-71, 7-20-71, 7-27-71, 8-3-71, 8-10-71, 8-17-71, 8-24-71, 8-31-71, 9-7-71, 9-14-71, 9-21-71, 9-28-71, 10-5-71, 10-12-71, 10-19-71, 10-26-71, 11-2-71, 11-9-71, 11-16-71, 11-23-71, 11-30-71, 12-7-71, 12-14-71, 12-21-71, 12-28-71, 1-4-72, 1-11-72, 1-18-72, 1-25-72, 2-1-72, 2-8-72, 2-15-72, 2-22-72, 2-29-72, 3-6-72, 3-13-72, 3-20-72, 3-27-72, 4-3-72, 4-10-72, 4-17-72, 4-24-72, 4-30-72, 5-7-72, 5-14-72, 5-21-72, 5-28-72, 6-4-72, 6-11-72, 6-18-72, 6-25-72, 7-2-72, 7-9-72, 7-16-72, 7-23-72, 7-30-72, 8-6-72, 8-13-72, 8-20-72, 8-27-72, 9-3-72, 9-10-72, 9-17-72, 9-24-72, 9-30-72, 10-7-72, 10-14-72, 10-21-72, 10-28-72, 11-4-72, 11-11-72, 11-18-72, 11-25-72, 12-2-72, 12-9-72, 12-16-72, 12-23-72, 12-30-72, 1-6-73, 1-13-73, 1-20-73, 1-27-73, 2-3-73, 2-10-73, 2-17-73, 2-24-73, 3-2-73, 3-9-73, 3-16-73, 3-23-73, 3-30-73, 4-6-73, 4-13-73, 4-20-73, 4-27-73, 5-4-73, 5-11-73, 5-18-73, 5-25-73, 6-1-73, 6-8-73, 6-15-73, 6-22-73, 6-29-73, 7-6-73, 7-13-73, 7-20-73, 7-27-73, 8-3-73, 8-10-73, 8-17-73, 8-24-73, 8-31-73, 9-7-73, 9-14-73, 9-21-73, 9-28-73, 10-5-73, 10-12-73, 10-19-73, 10-26-73, 11-2-73, 11-9-73, 11-16-73, 11-23-73, 11-30-73, 12-7-73, 12-14-73, 12-21-73, 12-28-73, 1-4-74, 1-11-74, 1-18-74, 1-25-74, 2-1-74, 2-8-74, 2-15-74, 2-22-74, 2-29-74, 3-6-74, 3-13-74, 3-20-74, 3-27-74, 4-3-74, 4-10-74, 4-17-74, 4-24-74, 4-30-74, 5-7-74, 5-14-74, 5-21-74, 5-28-74, 6-4-74, 6-11-74, 6-18-74, 6-25-74, 7-2-74, 7-9-74, 7-16-74, 7-23-74, 7-30-74, 8-6-74, 8-13-74, 8-20-74, 8-27-74, 9-3-74, 9-10-74, 9-17-74, 9-24-74, 9-30-74, 10-7-74, 10-14-74, 10-21-74, 10-28-74, 11-4-74, 11-11-74, 11-18-74, 11-25-74, 12-2-74, 12-9-74, 12-16-74, 12-23-74, 12-30-74, 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Curtis Lives! continued

in hand and backed the 16 heavy-equipped drivers up against a wall while Turner's men removed the equipment and finished paving the track under the glare of lights.

Three major races were then run at the track, and each one moved Turner's corporation closer to solvency, but not quickly enough for some of its directors, and in the summer of 1961 Turner approached the Teamsters Union for a loan of \$350,000. At the time the Teamsters were attempting to set up the Federation of Professional Athletes, and Turner elicited a tentative promise of the loan in exchange for a promise on Turner's part to help organize the NASCAR drivers and mechanics. He did so with such gusto, with the help of Fireball Roberts, Buck Baker and Tim Flock—three of the best stock-car drivers ever—that within a month he had signed applications from nearly everyone. Curtis had also drawn a list of reforms that included everything from pension plans to a more equitable purse distribution. Then NASCAR President Bill France, himself no amateur at power plays, stepped in. He issued a statement saying, in effect, that race drivers shouldn't organize and, further, that it was illegal because they were independent contractors and not salaried employees. At Winston-Salem, N.C. on Aug. 9, 1961 he presided over a stormy meeting of drivers and mechanics.

According to the *Charlotte Observer*, France said: "Gentlemen, before I have this union stuffed down my throat I will plow up my track at Daytona Beach. . . . After the race tonight no known union member can compete in a NASCAR race."

"France let 'em all in to the meetin' but me 'n' Flock 'cause we was doin' the organizin', but they had a window open so I stood there by the window listenin'. So they was all talkin' and France said, hell, he said, if it was as good as I pretended it was and had all the benefits I said it had be'd join himself. So I was outside the window and I raised it up then and handed him a card through the window and said, 'Here's your application.' Then they closed the window on me. From that meeting

on it was just lawyers and lawsuits."

In short order all of the drivers except Turner and Flock, who was ready to retire anyway, backed down, and France barred them both. Turner filed for reinstatement under the Florida right-to-work laws but got nowhere, and when he learned the Teamsters couldn't have loaned the money anyway—to a group it was attempting to organize—he dropped the suit immediately. France still refused to reinstate him. He had a tarnished reputation (he had been falsely accused of stealing \$40,000 from the Speedway Corporation) and was \$400,000 poorer. Meanwhile, the board of directors, in a series of dazzling moves, ousted him from control of the Speedway.

The NASCAR suspension lasted four years, but finally, on Sept. 30, 1965, France yielded to the pressure of major track promoters who wanted Turner back and reinstated him.

Curtis quickly showed that four years on the sidelines hadn't hurt at all. His first major race was the 1965 National 400, ironically at the Charlotte Speedway, and that wound up being perhaps the best race in the history of NASCAR. After 395 miles the leaders were A. J. Foyt, Fred Lorenzen and Dick Hutcherson. They were running three abreast and had been for several laps. On the banked turns you could not have separated them with a photo-finish camera. And right there in fourth place, play-an' possum, was Pops.

But with one lap to go, Foyt, who was outside, got carried too deep into the No. 3 turn by Lorenzen, or maybe went there all by himself, and all of a sudden he was on loose gravel and heading for the outside guardrail. "I couldn't tell which way he was goin'," Pops said later, "but he was headin' for the wall and I knew in a minute he was gonna be comin' back down right at me, 'n' rather than take the chance of tearin' the car up I just slowed up. If I'd stayed on it—and coulda missed Foyt—I coulda still probably got to the flag." Turner finished third, but two Sundays later he won the first race ever held at the North Carolina Motor Speedway in Rockingham, the newest of the

South's ambitious oval superspeedways.

In January 1966 he headed for California to settle a grudge he had with the Riverside Raceway. Two years before the demanding road course had killed Little Joe Weatherly, the stubby, curly-haired, pug-nosed and pugnacious Virginian who had been Turner's closest friend, Turner's car was slower than the one driven by Dan Gurney, who had won the Riverside 500 the three previous years, but by thinking hard and drafting harder, Curtis moved up to second—tight behind Gurney. On lap 39 Gurney led Turner into the Esses, a series of three quick turns. At the second woggle, instead of turning left, Turner went straight off the road, into a ditch and up the side of the ditch. He catapulted past the rather surprised Gurney and slammed back down on the track. "It was the first time," Gurney said, "anybody ever passed me airborne." Turner led for another 90 miles but then his gas cap fell off and had to be replaced, and the extra time in the pits cost him the race.

When Pops started racing—in those Carolina cornfields—prize money was as unofficial as the tracks. The drivers showed up, the spectators showed up and the hat was passed. Thirty dollars, maybe 40, was a big payday, and there was always more money bet in the stands than put in the purses.

"The drivers, they all carried a stick with them," Johnny Griffin said. "There wasn't no fence to keep the spectators away from the drivers after the race, and if somebody bumped the money favorite there was always trouble. Hell, after a race first thing Pops would do is get in the trunk of his car. He could hardly get out for all the broken glass around it from bottles thrown by the spectators."

Fights were frequent. Lee Petty clubbed Turner with a tire iron in one dispute, and once a driver named Bobby Meyers came after Turner with a billy club. Pops pulled out a .32 pistol and said, "Bobby, if I was you I'd lay that club down."

"Curtis, old man," said Meyers, "I'm just lookin' for a place to put it."

continued

Curtis Lives! continued

"It wadn't nothin' to win three, four races a week back then," Turner said. "We used to run five races a week when NASCAR was just gettin' started. We always run on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights and Sundays, and then we got to runnin' a lot on Mondays."

Turner first met Weatherly in 1951, and together they became the first legitimate heroes of stock-car racing—the Gold Dust Twins—when they raced the first factory-supported (by Ford) cars NASCAR had. They were better than Fireball or Ol' Buck or Red Byron. Herb Thomas, Buddy Shuman or even Tom Wolfe's last American hero, Junior Johnson. Turner won the Southern 500 in 1956, the year he was named NASCAR's Most Popular Driver, an award he could have taken nearly every year, in 1954 he won 22 races in 38 starts on the old convertible circuit, a one-year record unmatched until Richard Petty's 27 Grand National wins in 1967. But it was the style, not the statistics, that made the legend grow, whether Curtis was racing side by side with Little Joe or Fireball on the old beach course at Day-

tona—going deep into the north turn around the pylon, a rooster tail of sand kicking out so high the cars would be out of sight and there was no way they could straighten out in time and they might wind up in Jacksonville or someplace before they did—or just slipping and sliding around with just a little fender tappin' here and there to make sure everybody knew Pops was around, with all those boys in the grandstand sipping their bourbon from brown bags and whooping and hollering for Ol' Leadfoot, gawdamn, or popping Lance Reventlow in a sporty car race, of all things, and making Reventlow so mad that he said, "Curtis Turner is a ruffian and, I might add, a common ruffian."

"Ol' Joe, we run together quite a bit," Turner said, "got drunk together, parted together. One night after a race Joe 'n' I was about tuned. We got two U-Drive-Its. So Joe 'n' I gon' down this four-lane road and he just come over and hit me with that U-Drive-It and just stepped on the side of it and when he did I cut over, cut all the way over, and I come back and hit him. And then

we'd spread apart and get on the shoulder, one on one 'n' one on the other and come back and hit just as hard as we could. Just tore those U-Drive-Its all to pieces. But they was still runnin', and when we got to the motel where we wanted to stay that night Joe just kept his engine wide open and went straight into the swimming pool—the deep end. Got him out—this was about midnight—and we didn't even have no room there 'n' we just started openin' doors and found one that was unlocked. I noticed a suitcase 'n' we went in there and gawdamn, about 3 o'clock in the mornin' somebody beatin' on the door. We had it locked, night latch on the door, and the next mornin' we got out of it, never did know whose room it was. Haven't been able to rent a U-Drive-It down there since."

They were just as unpredictable on the racetrack. There was the time Weatherly filled Turner's water pouch, which drivers sip from during a race, with mint julep, and every time the caution light came out they'd get side by side and sip together out of that thing. It was the



Turner slides a Pontiac into the north turn of the old beach-road racecourse at Daytona, leading another Pontiac. Coming off the seastile run, he would slide for what seemed 100 yards, and in the '50s it was a much loved act.

only time two drivers started a race cold sober and finished half drunk

*Ol' Joe, he was forever cuttin' up
We was racin' at Wilkesboro, North
Carolina, 'n' he hit me real hard
Knocked me over in the boardwalk,
got by me. So I hit Joe, I hit him
good and when the race was over Joe
comes up and I knew somethin' was
wrong, 'cause instead of gettin' mad
he was jokin' and carryin' on. He had
his motorcycle there 'n' he says, "Hey
Pops, jump on. Let's go get a chas-
er." So I jumped on with him and he
got gon' on that thing. We was dri-
vin' on them ol' dirt roads, slidin' side-
ways and every which way on that
thing and I'm beggin' him to slow down
and tryin' to get off and finally he
says, "Pops, you promise you won't
never hit me that hard again and I'll
stop and let you off," and I says, "Lit-
tle Joe, I promise I never will hit you
again."*

*He wasn't doin' but about 60 miles
an hour when he got killed. I was at
Indy listenin' to the Riverside race 'n'
I couldn't hardly believe it. He'd
crashed before at a hunderd 'n' sixty
and nothin' happened. He was real
superstitious though, especially 'bout
green and No. 13. He was on Flight
13 to Los Angeles, stopped at Gate
13, qualified 13th, qualified at 113
mph, and was on his 113th lap and
had \$13 in his pocket. When the car
hit it threw his head out the window
and his head hit the wall. Car wasn't
tore up much. Ol' Joe was just about
gettin' ready to quit racin'. He told
me he planned to quit pretty soon.*

*Now, you don't ever think about it
—death. If you started thinkin' about
it, you'd quit. You're not even aware
of it, you just don't think about it.*

"Don't let any driver tell you he's not
scared," Bunk Moore said. "The night
before a race they're all prayin' for rain."

*I mean, it's just like gon' down the
highway here. People gettin' killed
every day on the highway, but when
you're drivin' you don't think about
gettin' killed. After you been doin' it*

continued

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Curtis Lives! continued

for so damned many years, it's just another day's work.

Damn. There's 400 ways that little bastard could have made a livin' but I don't guess he'd been happy doin' anything else.

If they weren't making a shambles of a racetrack, a motel or a Party Pad, they tried awfully hard to do it in the air. Weatherly was an excellent seat of

lotte, he set his plane down on the main street of Easley, S.C. to get a bottle of whiskey from a friend's house. Unfortunately, when he taxied to the house he discovered it was right next to two churches that were just letting out from Sunday services. "About then I got to decidin' I'd made a mistake," Pops said, and wheeled the twin-engine Aero-Commander back onto the highway and prepared for takeoff. On the way



At home in Charlotte, one site of his marathon parties, Turner poses Cokes for friends at bar over which spirits have flowed in mind-boggling quantity.

the pants pilot, but he never bothered to learn much about navigation. He would start out for somewhere and follow rivers, railroad tracks or just pull out a road map and follow the highway. Turner and Weatherly took off from Winston-Salem one time in separate planes, headed for Roanoke, but when Turner landed there was no sign of Little Joe. When he didn't show up a couple of hours later, Pops began to get worried. Just about the time the Civil Air Patrol was going searching, Weatherly sputtered into the airport. "Where you been, Joe?" Pops asked.

"Damn, Pops," Joe answered. "I was just followin' Highway 221 into town when I come to a detour and I took the detour and got lost."

Turner, who has logged 14,000 highly creative hours in the air, does use instruments, but just now he is grounded. Last summer, flying from Atlanta to Char-

lotte he hedgehopped several cars and clipped at least one aerial, panicking a deputy sheriff who later told the FAA. "I was just driving along minding my own business when I looked up and here comes a gawdamned airplane!" Then came the intersection.

It was a nice enough intersection, but had a spotlight suspended from heavy wires right across what was now Turner's runway. An Aero-Commander's third wheel is in the front and consequently its tail stands tall, and to accommodate this situation, as Turner later explained in one of the grand quotes of aviation history: "I had to raise my wheels so's I could fly low enough to get under it."

He finally got up, but severed a telephone cable and phone service to Easley in one fell swoosh, and when he landed at Charlotte his license was as good as gone.

With the Daytona 500 coming up on February 25, Turner is looking for a different kind of transportation—a fast steeder something like the one in which he qualified fastest last year. Some reports have put him in a Smokey Yunick racer, but after what happened at the Atlanta Raceway last April, Smokey isn't about to build a car for Curtis. During practice Turner had one of the most spectacular mishaps ever seen at a racetrack—in a car prepared by Yunick. "I don't guess we ever will know what happened," Turner said. "I was comin' off the fourth turn Cale Yarborough was runnin' behind me 'n' the car was handlin' perfect—and all of a sudden somethin' happened and it just turned to the right. Cale, about the only thing we got to go on, he said the car was settin' perfect and all of a sudden the right rear corner dropped down almost to the pavement. I hit the concrete retaining wall and went up in the air. They estimated it was 20 foot high, and when the car come down it come down on the nose and went end over end two or three times, then rolled, rolled right over Cale 'n' didn't touch him. All you're thinkin' about is waitin' for it to stop. You know, there's a dead silence when the car's goin' through the air. You can hear a pin drop. I was goin' through the air, so there's just a dead silence—the ignition is cut off—and you got your eyes shut 'cause of flyin' glass so you don't know when your car is stopped or if it's still goin' through the air. Well, I heard that dead silence 'bout 13 times, and I think I'm still hittin' but the car's stopped and I'm still there bracin' and still holdin' on for life, 'n' I heard somebody say, 'Get out. It's on fire.' Then I opened my eyes and I knew it'd stopped. So I got out and walked to the hospital."

He wasn't hurt, except for a few bruises, but Smokey said right then, more to keep Pops off the track than anything else, "I'm not gonna build the car that kills Curtis Turner."

So Pops is still looking for a ride.

"I'll be there with somethin'," he said, and probably he will be. Even if he is not, though, it will never be said that he did not finish just as he always ran with style. **END**

Don't get caught making these mistakes when you buy a boat.

1. *Buying an orphan* Nobody knows where to get spare parts—or if they do, it's some remote place with two months' delivery. Which means your boating fun ends abruptly as soon as something—even a very minor something—breaks down.

2. *Buying a resale loser* The market value of some boats melts like ice cream on a July day. Keep your eye on the classified sections of newspapers and boating magazines and you can see what boats hold

their value and what boats don't.

Some dealers will let you take a peek at their "Blue Book" of current market prices. It's all for a good cause—saving your money.

3. *Buying less boat than you could buy.* You're so enamored of a certain type of hull construction that you splurge and buy a nice four-sleeper—disregarding the fact that there are six in your family.

A six-sleeper of a less expensive hull material might have been perfect for your needs and the kind

of boating your family wants to do.

4. *Buying too much boat* If you sink every cent into the basic boat, how do you get those accessories you need? Instead of strapping yourself, it would be better to budget-in the equipment you'd like to have to go cruising.

5. *Buying from an unknown.* You don't know much about the dealer, but everything looks okay. He says he'll fix anything that goes wrong, but he doesn't put it in writing. Lots of luck

Chris-Craft 36' Commander



Sometimes it's hard to remember all the pitfalls of buying a boat. When that happens, it's best to stick with names that you do remember. Like this one, for instance. *Chris-Craft*®



Page 104

"Full body twist of Brazil's Maria Bueno delivers powerful service with near-masculine authority but ultra-feminine elegance." From Chapter Seven — an admiring view of The Ladies.

Page 93

"Only in the rule book is basketball a noncontact sport. Pro Superstar Wilt Chamberlain nearly bends Pro Superstar Bill Russell double as he gets off a shot."

From Chapter Six — proud in pictures of The Violent Action.



Page 145

"This is the end of a great professional career. Aging Y. A. Title, nonpareil quarterback of the New York Giants, has been blizzed by an end of the Pittsburgh Steelers."

From Chapter Ten — The Last Full Measure.



Page 322

"'But one, but two, but three,'

The ball slapped into my palm at 'three'. I turned and started back. I could feel my balance going, and two yards behind the line of scrimmage I fell down — absolutely flat — not a hand laid on me." From "Zero of the Luns" by George

Plimpton, one of 30 fascinating articles in Chapter Sixteen — The Literature.



Page 14

"This exuberant moment on the 18th green of the Cherry Hills golf course marks the beginning of the Age of Palmer." From Chapter One — a photographic essay on The Moment Preserved.



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA Eastern Division leader PHILADELPHIA (48-16) won five in a row, triumphing in a 26-point victory over the Hawks to a 60-point win over the Lakers in double overtime. After being hampered by the Lakers' 44-104 ROBERTSON (44-10) took four straight, but fell four games behind the Stars, while NEW YORK (33-37) finally reached the .500 mark for the first time since November by winning two of three CINCINNATI (38-34) lost two games, and three Oscar Robertson returned after missing 14 games, because a toothache. He scored 32 points in a 132-119 win over the Knicks, another 32 in a 125-91 victory over the Knicks and scored in two foul shots with two seconds left to beat the Bulls 117-105. The Knicks' second winning streak, headed this time by Earl Monroe (27-17) who took four games against the Bulls, ended with a 104-98 loss to the Bulls. Monroe scored in 36 points in one game, 44 in another, but the Bulls lost both games. In a 136-118 win over the Bulls, however, Monroe scored 26 points, while Gene Johnson (38 in 44 in the Western Division, ST. LOUIS (46-20) won only one of three games but managed to hold a 92-79 lead over second-place SAN FRANCISCO (38-28), which split four games, including a 104-98 victory over up-and-coming L.A. LAKERS (37-27). The Lakers climbed within 10 points of the Warriors by winning three of their other four games, as Jerry West slipped in 47 points against the Bulls and 40 against the Stars. CHICAGO (21-43) split four, SEATTLE (19-45) lost four of five and SAN DIEGO (14-52) dropped four more games to tie the NBA record of 17 straight losses.

ABA—PITTSBURGH (40-23) had a 2-1 record but was tied in the first set in one game over runner-up MINNESOTA (40-23), which lost three of four. NEW JERSEY (31-31) climbed into first by winning three of four, while INDIANA (30-34) lost three of four. The Pacers (30-34) won 138-119 victory over Anaheim on a team scoring record at home and the 3,000 spectators at a new home-attendance mark. Last-place KENTUCKY (20-36) made a slight stir with three wins. In the West, NEW ORLEANS (33-24) lost three of four against NEW YORK (33-24), while only the Hawks and last-place DALLAS (23-36) managed to win in 116 games after dropping a six-game losing streak to a 114-101 win over the Bulls. The Hawks won four in a row by winning a 126-107 win over the Bulls. The Hawks, Clint Powell scored 18-41 points, and in the last the Bulls's a night-lap he scored 43. OAKLAND (21-35) lost three of four, and WASHINGTON (21-40), despite three losses in four games, climbed out of the cellar just ANAHEIM (21-41), which dropped four of five.

BOATING—Oscar Henry Long of Larchmont, N.Y. announced before starting the 1,200-mile Buenos Aires-Rio de Janeiro race that he would break the elapsed time record—and he did just that when he stopped in his last ONSHORE III, the transoceanic to the Island of Guadalupe, with a winning time of 107:24. The elapsed time of 107:24 was 10 hours shorter than the previous record set by the Dutch ketch *Strover* in 1962.

RED JACKIE, a 40-foot steam shipper by Peter J. Connelly of Toronto, took the 1974 St. Peterburg-Fort Lauderdale (Fla.) race with a net profit of 70 to 20.

COURT TENNIS—NORRIS/DEPUEX of Buffalo, N.Y. successfully defended his world open championship in New York by beating George H. Gossard of New York in seven sets to three. It was the first world match played between Americans.

CURLING—Joan Schwab skipped her ST. PAUL club to a 7-4 win over Mrs. Lawrence Starr's Chicago Club in the first of the USCA's championship in Detroit.

DON SHOW—CH. STINGRAY of DEERVAAR, a Labrador retriever owned by Mr. and Mrs. James A. Farrell Jr. of Danvers, Conn., took first division honors in the First Westminster Kennel Club show at New York's old Madison Square Garden.

GOLF—GEORGE KNUDSEN, a 30-year-old Canadian pro, won the \$100,000 Phoenix Open by three strokes over runner-up Julius Berman, A.G.S. Montgomerie and Sam Snead with a 72-hole score of 272.

HOCKEY—NHL Doug Duff scored three goals in a MONTEREAL (37-13) edged PITTSBURGH 4-3 and scored its lead in the East in right position. It was

the Canadiens' third victory of the week, with a 3-2 win and 11th in their last 19 games. CHICAGO (36-18) repeated second place by beating the Bruins 3-1 and outpacing the Red Wings 3-0 on Steve Maki's three goals and Bobby Hull's four assists. NEW YORK (26-18) also took two games and moved back to first place, but lost behind the blades in defeating Minnesota 5-2 and the Maple Leafs 3-2. Red Gilbert totaled three goals and four assists, while Jean Ratelle had two goals and three assists. Two losses dropped BOSTON (26-20-8) from second to fourth and TOLENTON (23-23-5) three defeats overtook the Maple Leafs' losing string to 10. Last-place DETROIT (20-26-10) was almost as bad, since the Red Wings dropped back and ended their losing streak to six. In the West, PHILADELPHIA (37-27-8) lead dropped to four points over MINNESOTA (32-24-10) when the Flyers lost two and the second place Stars' 3-0 win over St. Louis dropped two third place, LOS ANGELES (26-27-5) and fourth place ST. LOUIS (24-24-11) both suffered up to 10. Quebec Division race when the Kings won two and one and the Blues lost two, with one PITTSBURGH (30-23-9) dropped two of three, while last-place OAKLAND (15-33-11) shut out the Flyers 4-0 and beat the Bruins 3-1.

HORSE RACING—SETTE BELLO (5-0-0), ridden by Earle Tice, won by a head over Favorable Fate and Bold Hero, who had for second, in the 136-mile 1400 at Western Illinois at Joliet, Ill. William Henry Perry's GAMBY (4-0-0), with Munroe's 3-year-old, moved his 1400-mile Pinesworth to take the 1 1/4 mile \$100,000 Santa Margarita Handicap at Santa Anita.

SWIMMING—U.S. men's undefeated dual meet streak to 10 by beating Stanford 64-49 in Los Angeles (page 46).

TENNIS—CLIFF RICHIEY of San Angelo, Texas, defeated Clark Graciano 6-4, 4-6, 6-3, won the U.S. National indoor championship in Salisbury, Md. Graciano had reached the final by defeating defending champion Charles Pasarelli of Foster, Tenn. 16-14, 4-6, 6-4, 6-3 in a five-set match that lasted three hours, 12 minutes.

TRACK & FIELD—Most of the drama at the New York Athletic Club meet was outside the new Madison Square Garden, where events faced off with color (page 24). Inside, the best event was the two-mile run, which GEORGE YOUNG of Arizona won in world-record time of 8:38.5, finishing 10 yards ahead of runner-up Tracy Smith. The next night, at the Madison Square Garden in Louisville, the VILLANOVA, with Dave Patrick running a 1:40.1, won the first of an indoor two-mile relay race with a time of 7:27.7, lowering the mark to set three times years ago. Second in the same race was the MAELFINS of Mayfield Daley's Chicago track club set a women's 10 yard indoor hurdle record with an 8.7 clock. Two other indoor marks were broken at an international meet in Moscow when BARBARA FERRALLI of Los Angeles trimmed the 30-meter dash to 8.6 and San Jose's BILL GALLINES closed a 4 in the men's 50-meter dash.

WINTER OLYMPICS—JEAN-CLAUDE KILLY of France became only the second skier to sweep all three men's Alpine events (page 12).

WRESTLING—NAMED To the National Football Foundation Hall of Fame—T-tight end guard CLARK SHAUGHNESSY, 75, who coached at colleges over a 31-year period and led Stanford to a Rose Bowl victory after a perfect season when St. Louis won in 1940. BOBBY LAYNE, 41, the first-born of a basketball coach from Texas, who won the main force behind the champion Detroit Lions in the 1950s, running backs LOHMYN PINKAL, 37, CLAUDE (BUDDY) BROWN, 34, and the late MONK SIMONS, 34, and the late EDDIE CASEY and Lawrence ADAMS, 34, all of the late 1940s and 1950s.

TRADE—The Los Angeles Dodgers, second baseman RON HUNZ, 27, and utility infielder Nate Schott for San Francisco catcher TOM HALLER, 35, and a minor league player to be named later. Haller hit .271 last season. Hunt an over-the-hill player, 36. Another trade sent Chicago White Sox shortstop RON MASH, 34, to the Angels, along with Patience Dimes Higgins and Steve Jansz in exchange for Lefthander Tim LULLEN, 26, and Pitcher Buster Norton and Bob Piddy.

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12—New Yorker 14—New York Times 15—New York Herald Tribune 16—New York Post 17—New York Mirror 18—New York Sun 19—New York Journal 20—New York Tribune 21—New York Times 22—New York Herald Tribune 23—New York Post 24—New York Mirror 25—New York Sun 26—New York Journal 27—New York Tribune 28—New York Times 29—New York Herald Tribune 30—New York Post 31—New York Mirror 32—New York Sun 33—New York Journal 34—New York Tribune 35—New York Times 36—New York Herald Tribune 37—New York Post 38—New York Mirror 39—New York Sun 40—New York Journal 41—New York Tribune 42—New York Times 43—New York Herald Tribune 44—New York Post 45—New York Mirror 46—New York Sun 47—New York Journal 48—New York Tribune 49—New York Times 50—New York Herald Tribune 51—New York Post 52—New York Mirror 53—New York Sun 54—New York Journal 55—New York Tribune 56—New York Times 57—New York Herald Tribune 58—New York Post 59—New York Mirror 60—New York Sun 61—New York Journal 62—New York Tribune 63—New York Times 64—New York Herald Tribune 65—New York Post 66—New York Mirror 67—New York Sun 68—New York Journal 69—New York Tribune 70—New York Times 71—New York Herald Tribune 72—New York Post 73—New York Mirror 74—New York Sun 75—New York Journal 76—New York Tribune 77—New York Times 78—New York Herald Tribune 79—New York Post 80—New York Mirror 81—New York Sun 82—New York Journal 83—New York Tribune 84—New York Times 85—New York Herald Tribune 86—New York Post 87—New York Mirror 88—New York Sun 89—New York Journal 90—New York Tribune 91—New York Times 92—New York Herald Tribune 93—New York Post 94—New York Mirror 95—New York Sun 96—New York Journal 97—New York Tribune 98—New York Times 99—New York Herald Tribune 100—New York Post

FACES IN THE CROWD

EDDIE WETZEL, 15, of Wilmette, Ill., won seven of the eight swimming races the entered this season, setting most records with every win. In the 11th annual Chagalland Open meet, Eddie, who is aiming for the Olympics, took the 100- and 500-yard freestyle events.

RANDY HARMON, 12, a 4'8 1/2" 80-pounder, was Boy of the Year of the Month (18) of YMCA for leading his football team to the city championship (4-1-1), averaging 16 points in basketball and placing in 16 of 17 events in the Junior Olympics.

ALVIN J. MOORE, a 19-year-old first class football star from Fort Worth, Texas, won the overall championship at the Dallas Pistol and Revolver Club's Frontiers 2700 tournament. In spite of heavy rates Moore beat out 28 other competing marksmen with a 2,521-1188 score.

RON RIGORANO, a 5' 11" guard at Becker Junior College in Worcester, Mass., who leads the country's junior college basketball scorers with a 45.9 average, scored in 65 points in a game against Champlain to break the unofficial national JC single-game scoring record.

KAY RUKAVINA, 16, pulled in a 3-pound, 4-ounce northern pike only 16 minutes before championship ended to win the 1968 Warsaw Carnation Ice Fishing Contest at White Bear Lake, Minn. Kay had watched the contest many times, but had never entered it before.

DON HENDERSON, in his final season and 145-pound wrestler at the Air Force Academy, has won 10 straight matches this year, 51 in his four-year career, going undefeated in his freshman and junior seasons. As a sophomore, Don lost one and drew one match.

BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST 1. ST. BONAVENTURE (18-0) 2. COLUMBIA (17-3) 3. ARMY (18-4)

It looked easy for undefeated St. Bonaventure when 6'11" Bob Lanier and Bill Butler hit their first 11 shots and the Bonnies rolled to a 34-26 half-time lead over Seton Hall. But Lanier fouled out with eight minutes to go, and suddenly SH was a threat. It bowed out in overtime 81-71, and Lanier was gracious in his praise of the Bonnies. "They don't need me," he said. "They can do it on their own."

Army had no trouble getting by Colgate 86-52, but the Cadets' 12-game winning streak came to a halt in Atlanta. Despite the loss of rebounder Steve Hunt on fouls with 12 minutes left, Army was still in the game with Georgia Tech with four minutes to play. Then Dave Clark fired in six straight points and Tech won 60-55.

Columbia kept its streak going. Playing tough defense and scoring freely, the Lions hammered Dartmouth 82-56 and Harvard 115-56 for their 13th in a row, while Ivy co-leader Princeton was struggling to beat Brown 54-40 and Yale 74-71.

"We went down there expecting to step on a doormat. Instead we stepped on a rattle snake!" is the way Fordham Coach Johnny Bach described his team's 70-66 loss to George Washington, which had won only three games. That was not the end of the Rams' troubles. They made a late run at St. John's but the Redmen, who had beaten Notre Dame 83-81 on the road, dropped in nine foul shots—four by Rudy Bogard—in the last five minutes to win 75-71.

Most teams get so enchanted watching Niagara's slick Calvin Murphy dribble the ball between his legs, head-fake and then go up for a scoring jump shot that all they do is admire his style. But Villanova surrounded him with their competent zone and Murphy got only eight field goals and 28 points as the Wildcats won 78-56. Two nights later, against St. Peter's, Murphy was superb. He scored 50 points, and Niagara won 100-88.

The first college doubleheader in New York's new still-to-be-perfected Madison Square Garden was hardly a rousing success. The electric clock and scoreboard did not work, the backboards quivered and only 5,214 people showed up. What's more, NYU lost to Tulane 71-60, and Georgetown beat Manhattan 78-77. New Yorkers were more excited over LNU, the nation's No. 1 small-college team. The Blackbords (18-0) defeated Adelphi 59-56 and Wagner 89-55.

St. Joseph's, beaten by Davidson 66-60, upset Villanova 63-54. Providence defeated DePaul 71-60, Canisius 83-72 and Creighton 75-64, while Holy Cross won over Massachusetts 70-69 and Assumption 91-77, and Boston College routed Rhode Island 125-73 and Georgetown 103-79. Duquesne, 16-3 and a sure bet for a tournament, beat Xavier 85-67.

THE WEST 1. UCLA (20-1) 2. NEW MEXICO (20-2) 3. SANTA CLARA (16-3)

UCLA's John Wooden is always looking for new ways to torment his opponents. Last week it was a 1-3-1 trap zone and, with Lew Alcindor scoring 29 points, the play wrecked Oregon 119-78. The next night cautious Oregon State was less inhibited by the new defense and the Bruins led only 32-27 at half time. So UCLA went back to man-to-man and won going away 88-71. But, insists Oregon State's Paul Valenti, it does not matter what the Bruins use. "When they get after you they're going to take you."

So much for the futile chase. Second-place USC beat Oregon State 71-63 in overtime and Oregon 66-59. Washington State smothered California 87-66, and Washington took Stanford 91-80.

Santa Clara got rid of one challenger in the West Coast AC, beating San Francisco 70-60, but Loyola, still hot on the trail, trounced Pepperdine 91-69. Weber State won two out of three from Idaho, losing 71-67 at Moscow and winning 81-62 and 74-53 in Ogden, to go ahead in the Big Sky.

New Mexico got by Brigham Young 76-67 in Provo and was leading Utah 33-25 at the half in Salt Lake City. Theo Utah's Jeff Ockel was benched for a deliberate foul and Lyndon MacKay fouled out. The Utes thrived on this adversity. Substitutes Don Demson and Ron Cunningham hit nine of 11 shots, Merv Jackson shook loose for eight baskets and Utah whopped the Lobos 71-64. The two are now tied for first in the Western AC.

THE SOUTH 1. NORTH CAROLINA (20-1) 2. KENTUCKY (17-4) 3. VANDERBILT (17-4)

What had been a walk for Tennessee in the Southeastern Conference suddenly turned into a nightmare. The Vols, forced to leave Big Orange country, found the going rough on the road. Kentucky's sophomores beat them 60-59 (page 26) in Lexington to take away the SEC lead; then Vanderbilt followed suit, handing Tennessee its third

straight loss 75-63. Vandy's strategy was simple. It beat the Vols off the boards, then turned the rebounds into fast breaks. Before Tennessee could establish its sticky 1-3-1 trap defense, the Commodores were downcourt. Bob Bundy scored 22 points and Vanderbilt was tied for second with the Vols. "This has to be one of the sweetest wins ever," said Coach Roy Skinner.

That left Kentucky sitting pretty, 13½ games ahead of the rest, after beating Mississippi State 107-81. Florida, the only other likely contender, lost to Auburn 73-65 and now had five losses. Kentucky's Adolph Rupp was not quite ready to claim the title, but the advantage was his with a friendly, home-town schedule.

LSU, well out of it now, still had Pete Maravich, the country's leading scorer. Twiggy, as his teammates call him, got 51 points against Georgia—LSU lost 78-73—and 59 more in a 99-89 win over Alabama. His average now is 45.2 points per game.

North Carolina, down to the task of eliminating ACC challengers, got rid of two. The Tar Heels took North Carolina State 96-84 as sophomore Charlie Scott scored 34 points and Larry Miller had 24. Then, after trouncing Clemson 96-74, Carolina put down South Carolina 84-80 for its 18th straight. But Duke, with Mike Lewis scoring 31 points, murdered Wake Forest 105-65 and Temple 92-57 and was still alive.

Davidson, with one league game to go, had earned at least a tie for the regular-season title in the Southern Conference. As Secretary of State Dean Rusk (an old Wildcat center) watched, it watched George Washington 85-72. Second-place West Virginia beat Richmond 84-83 and Syracuse 80-76. Murray State repaired first place in the Ohio Valley after trouncing East Tennessee 105-72. Florida State, 17-5 now and hoping for a tournament bid, beat Jacksonville 106-65.

THE MIDWEST 1. MARQUETTE (18-3) 2. LOUISVILLE (16-6) 3. KANSAS (15-5)

Kansas, the preseason favorite in the Big Eight, finally made it to the top. Coach Ted Owens' strategy against Nebraska was simplicity itself: control the boards to cut off the Huskers' fast break. He played his biggest men, they snapped up the rebounds, and Jo Jo White broke Nebraska's full-court press. Rodger Bohannon scored 22 points for the Jayhawks and they won 71-60. But it was still anybody's race. Iowa State, Nebraska and Kansas State were all within a half-game of Kansas.

Louisville, with a two-game lead and only three to go, should win easily in the Missouri Valley. But the Cards, falling behind or blowing leads and then coming back to win, have everybody guessing. They led North Texas State by 13 points, for instance, then had to rally to pull out an 81-72 victo-

ry as Westley Unseld scored 29 points and took 23 rebounds. Against Tulsa, they were behind by 11, with 13:56 to go in the second half. Coach John Dromo brought in Denny Deeken to play guard, moved Blutch Beard to forward and put his team into a 1-3-1 offense. Louisville tied the score and won 76-67 in overtime. "This bunch has me bedraggled," complained Dromo.

For a while, after Bradley beat Drake 96-88, the Braves appeared ready to make a run at Louisville. But they were upset by Wichita State 112-97. "Let's face reality," said Drake's Maurice John sadly. "We're all playing for second place."

Ohio State and Iowa discovered that there is no place like home. The Bucks lost twice on the road, to Wisconsin 86-78 and to last-place Minnesota 83-79, and they were out of the Big Ten lead. Iowa, remaining in Iowa City, beat Wisconsin 69-61 and moved into first place. Bowling Green, too, found home amenable, outscoring Toledo 85-78 to go ahead in the Mid-American.

Bogged down against Detroit, Marquette got a boost from George Thompson—13 of his 26 points in the first 7½ minutes of the second half—and the Warriors won 81-70. Loyola of Chicago outshot Marshall 109-93 and then lost to Wichita State 88-85. Notre Dame beat Bradley 64-61 but slumping DePaul lost three more games.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. HOUSTON (23-0) 2. NEW MEXICO STATE (18-4) 3. OKLAHOMA CITY (17-5)

All of a sudden the Southwest Conference was a race. Baylor, with a chance to wrap up the championship, fell flat on its face twice. First, Texas caught the Bears 79-65, and then Texas A&M, which earlier had beaten Rice 78-58, embarrassed them in Waco. One reason, perhaps, was a sign that greeted visitors: LATEST AGGIE JOKE: AGGIE BASKETBALL, it read. But Texas A&M had the last laugh. The Aggies got their first break going in the second half and won 67-63. "I just told my kids to go out there and have some fun," explained tennie Coach Shelby Metcalf.

Baylor remained in the lead but, with four games to go, Texas, which beat Rice 94-83, TCU, a 73-55 winner over Texas Tech, and Texas A&M were only a game behind.

Unbeaten Houston continued as a showcase for Elton Hayes's talents. The Big E had 34 points in a 106-64 trouncing of Miami and he got 43 more as the Cougars routed Air Force 106-82. "I've never seen anything like him," marveled Miami Coach Ron Godfrey. "The pro team that gets Hayes ought to give him the Astrodome."

New Mexico State was idle, Oklahoma City and Texas at El Paso had their problems. Hardin-Summers upset the Chiefs 108-89, Seattle had UTEP 67-65. **END**



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

DEAR TEX: (CONT.)

Sirs:

Once again the national attention focuses on the Presidential primary ballots. Upon reading Tex Maule's open letter to Pete Rozelle (*Dear Pete*, Feb. 5), I began to entertain the thought of a national election for Commissioner of Professional Football. The Ardent Football Lovers Party, whose membership must nearly equal the legal-aged voting population, undoubtedly would enter the name of Tex Maule as its favorite son.

Heartily congratulations to Mr. Maule for a most provocative analysis of an ever-enlarging score on the American spirit of equality in athletic competition. He has surely expressed the sentiments of millions of football worshippers. It is indeed unfortunate that Mr. Maule's wisdom will, in all likelihood, penetrate the contemporary system no further than Pete Rozelle's magazine rack.

MARTIN RADZ

Merand, N.Y.

Sirs:

Come now, Tex! Professional football is far from being in imminent danger of becoming a big bore for two very elementary reasons that have nothing to do with the advent of TV exposure or the existence of a "vital, competitive game."

The appeal of pro football lies in 1) the availability, to anyone who can read a newspaper or a "sheet," of the betting line giving the amount of points by which one team is favored to defeat another, and 2) the availability of ye old corner bookmaker, who will be happy to give you \$100 back for every \$100 you care to wager that the Cowboys will beat the Browns by more than four points or vice versa. The appeal of the Sunday TV doubleheader is the age-old gamblers' lament, "double up to catch up."

Did anyone really think that the Raiders could give the Packers a decent game, let alone defeat them? Yet millions of TV viewers stayed at their sets simply to see if Green Bay would beat Oakland by more than the 14-point spread and, thus, whether they would collect or pay.

I'm sure Commissioner Rozelle understands this all too well, and I suspect Mr. Maule does, also.

CARLY H. MAY

Monroe, Mich.

Sirs:

I thought it was a tremendous article, with one exception. I believe that the Chicago Bears should have been placed in the same division with Green Bay, L.A., Dallas and

Baltimore, because the record we had this year is not indicative of our team's strength.

GAIL SAYERS

New York City

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

Sirs:

William Johnson's article (*Collision on the New Underground Railroad*, Feb. 12) graphically brings to the serious attention of all sports fans the degrading lengths to which athletic departments will go to field a winning team.

It is a tragic commentary on our schools' sports and academic systems and on those directly or indirectly responsible for this travesty. Willfully or unknowingly they are fomenting the ever-increasing racial overtones in sports.

R. L. VAN FOSSAN

Washington

Sirs:

Your recent articles on the proposed Olympic boycott and the so-called Bob Presley incident have been both immature and irresponsible. Sports are as subject to racism as any other aspect of American life, and your magazine's *Do Not Disturb* sign does not change that fact in the least. No calm, rational arguments against the boycott have come from *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

The issues raised by both of these incidents are social, gentlemen, and must be dealt with accordingly. Tommie Smith, Lee Evans and Bob Presley are athletes, true, but their problems are no different from those of 22,000,000 other black Americans. The question is not "How can we disguise the race question so it won't disrupt sports?" but "How can we eliminate it altogether?" White Americans are afraid to confront this question, as evidenced by the outraged letters from your readers. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* itself is no exception.

Smith and Evans, despite their ability, are under no more of an obligation to compete at Mexico City than was Ford to challenge Ferriar last year at Le Mans. But even if they were, would this eliminate the reasons for their protest? Clearly not. Similarly, leaving Bob Presley in the ghetto (who cares if he ends up in jail, right, Mr. Johnson?) would not answer the question of whether blacks are discriminated against at the University of California. Neither would it be a very realistic solution to the problem if it does exist.

The sports world has congratulated itself for 20 years for allowing Jackie Robinson to play major league baseball. Isn't it time you pulled your heads out of the sand?

STEPHEN S. WALTERS

Atherton, Calif.

Sirs:

Bob Presley has had a crack at six high schools, one junior college and now the University of California. I am sick and tired of hearing a man and his actions defended just because he came from a disadvantaged background. Too many truly great people came from the same kind of background to make this argument hold any water.

JACK WARD

Pittsburgh

GOLD STANDARD

Sirs:

I would like to thank you in the name of Canada for your great appraisal of Canada's Nancy Greene, the women's World Cup holder (*The Wary Olympian*, Feb. 5). The 24 words that you allotted her didn't seem very appropriate but, after all, you are American and don't seem to pay much attention to anything at all that occurs in Canada.

PETER THIERRIN

West Vancouver, B.C.

Sirs:

Probably the most dangerous job at the Olympics is presenting a gold medal to an American with De Gaulle standing around.

JOHN J. LYONS

Chicago

CORIC RELIEF

Sirs:

Thanks a lot for your item in *SCORECARD* (Feb. 12) on Pointe Canyon's problems with Jay Newtoun. I have been enjoying this put-on about the Olympic spirit and the fortunes of real-life Modern Pentathlon Hopeful John Dupont of Newtown Square, Pa. But, according to today's paper, Potet is only planning to set Jay "improve his horsemanship." So while I'm looking forward to the usual time-consuming unraveling of the story, you give us the plot and blow the whole bit. Thanks a lot!

FRANK AYOLOTTI

Bloomington, Ind.

Sirs:

Thank you for the warm manner in which the Olympics in the comics came off in the current *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

MELTON CANIFF

(Steve Canyon)

New York City

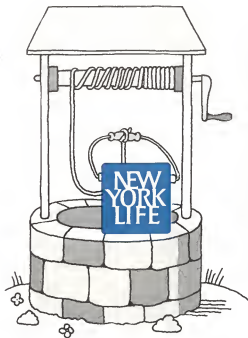
EXPANSION

Sirs:

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Appendix

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Labeling Numbers

15TH HOLE (continued)

probably trail in the West, though it will get stiff competition from Seattle, San Diego, and Chicago, the current expansion teams, which, at this writing, are playing at a torrid 297

The new teams will do poorly because of the NBA's unfair expansion rules, which make it impossible for them to get good players. It seems rather obvious that a better plan than the current one (which allows the established teams to reserve at least seven players) would be one in which the two division champions would protect, say, five men, the second- and third-place finishers six, and the others seven. This plan would lead to better expansion teams, and the league in general would have far better balance. It might even be possible for a first-year expansion team to finish near the top of its division. The new expansion teams won't challenge the leaders for many years, using the current plan.

Also, the NBA might consider giving the first and second draft choices to its expansion teams. This year Milwaukee and Phoenix will choose seventh and eighth and will see such stars as Elvin Hayes and Westley Urmel drafted before they finally get to pick. By allowing the expansion teams to draft first, the league would give them not only some young talent to work with, but also a game attraction where none may exist otherwise.

Certainly if the NBA intends, as announced, to add six teams within the next three years, some drastic rule changes are needed. As it is now, the expansion teams have only one event to look forward to: Lew Alcindor's graduation. And when that does occur, Lew will be able to play for only one of them.

Mark S. Shaffer

Monterey Park, Calif.

REGENERATED

Mrs.

Thank you for your recent mention of the Duquesne Dukes basketball team and Student Congress (SOURCECARD, Jan. 29). However, the boycott of Pepsi was what would be called in diplomatic circles an "unfortunate incident." The motion to boycott Pepsi was considered in great haste, and an atmosphere of excitement over the outstanding performance of the team prevailed. We later found out that it was not Pepsi's fault that Duquesne games were no longer being broadcast. Of course, we immediately rescinded our ill-considered legislation and would now like to publicly express our apologies to the Pepsi-Cola Company and thank them for their consideration to the team and the university over the past years.

ANTHONY S. DeFEVSK

Vice-president, Student Congress
Pittsburgh

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